

Poland on the brink

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

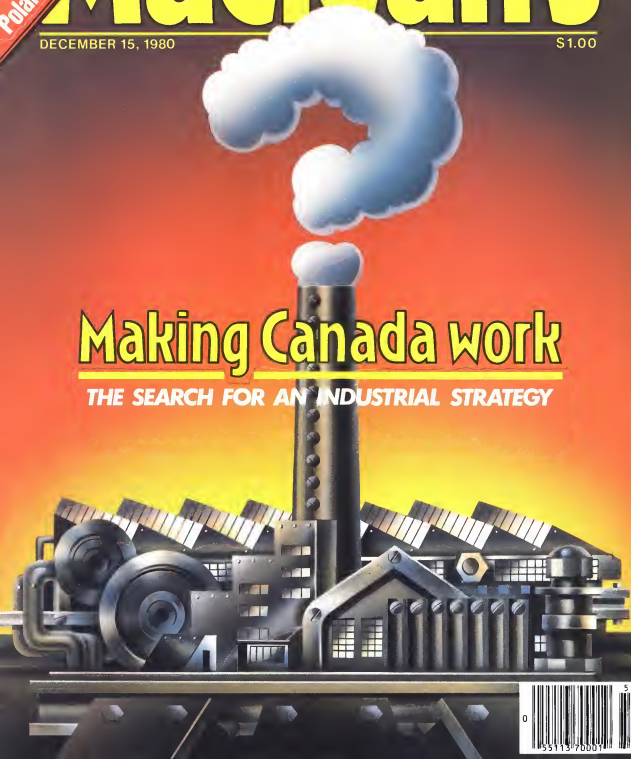
# Maclean's

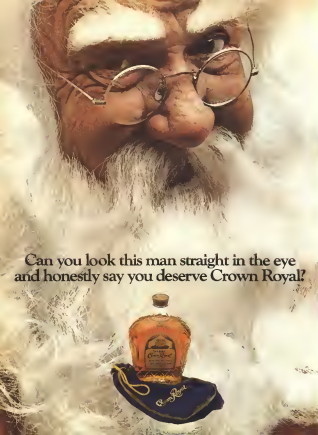
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## Making Canada work

THE SEARCH FOR AN INDUSTRIAL STRATEGY



**Maclean's**

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While Canada's productivity and trade balance worsen and world economic competition grows keener, the country remains divided and largely re-defines at a time when key economic policy decisions may be crucial to guarantee the survival of our manufacturing base in the decades ahead. How can Canada ensure its own economic growth—and survival?

—Paul Keating



With more than love

The plane landed in Budapest two passengers short—and Canada had two new defectors. — *Page E4*

### A pause in the countdown

Soviet tanks didn't roll into Poland, but Warsaw's reprieve may not last long. — Page 20



### Reading by nightlights

This season brings a more than bountiful crop of hardcover poems for children. —Page 52

Superfly Jones

To the tune of Miles Davis and Davis, Jon Mitchell dyes black face to play a string. —Page 26

[illegible]



# The aftershocks may be political

*How long can a people endure corrupt, inept government?*

By Robin Wright

It is a scene of total devastation: the old wall, chartered but still standing, surrounded by the remnants of what once was a home or a café or a shop. The three-story-high heaps of rubble litter the roads. A stairway, intact, that leads only to a pile of stones. Gibellina, a hilltop hamlet dating back to the Middle Ages, is now a ghost town, destroyed by the thundering convulsion of a 60-second earthquake. But these images are not from the current catastrophe in southern Italy. They are the result of a quake that struck 15 years ago, in the Belice region of Sicily. The ruins linger in silent silence, despite promises by the Italian government to level the town and replace the homes.

Nearby is a camp, new after an unimpressive row of military-

style barracks, thin tin structures without heat. Water is trucked in every three days. The camp is also called Gibellina, but residents claim otherwise. "This is not our town. These are not homes. They said it would be temporary," laments Beneditto Palmeri, "and here we are still." Some 40,000 people live in similar camps throughout Belice. Another 20,000 still lack even "temporary" shelter, according to local officials. But Belice is not alone. At the far northern end of Italy, in the province of Friuli, another 30,000 souls have been living in barracks since their homes were ruined by an earthquake in 1975.

These dismal settlements explain why survivors of Italy's latest earthquake, the worst natural disaster to strike Western Europe in half a century, have reason to worry about their future. In fact, the shock of this calamity has jolted the nation into a mood of sober self-examination.

The complaints are valid enough. There were agonizing delays of two to three days before money, bodies could be extricated from the wreckage. No emergency plans had been made for such an event, despite the history of seismic activity in the region and despite the prediction by the Italian Geological Order that a quake of exactly the same magnitude—8.8 on the Richter scale—would strike again. "It is not in the Italian nature to look ahead," said the government's special relief commissioner, Giuseppe Zaccarello. "There was no plan." Relief supplies were simply dumped on street corners in some towns, unsupervised, or set in the miserable weather. All the good intentions of the Italian, Canadian, European and American donors thus appeared as a ship at the beach, as if no one really cared after.

Survivors also had to face exploiters who moved in after the disaster to capitalize on their grief, charging \$1,000 for a 3500 coffee, or quadrupling the price of milk and bread and bottled water. That sort of thing is as normal as the government's ineptness. Nor does it shock people to hear

that the government was aware of the danger of a quake to the point of ruling out construction of a nuclear power plant in the south. The memory of Belice haunts the nation these days, even as the government is professing its concern for the latest victims. It was in 1989 that parliament passed Law 361, paving the way for a four-year reconstruction of Belice. Eight years passed, and nothing was done. In 1995, parliament brought down another plan to revive Belice Law 178. The saga continues.

The bottom line is that, in light of past performance, a serious question of credibility faces the Italian government. And it is no longer applied just to the 15,000 square miles hit by the quake. The handling of this tragedy has grown into a nationwide scandal which could seriously threaten the latest seven-week old government. The shocking level

of human suffering has polarized feelings. People speak of the rescue mission being as much a catastrophe as the quake itself. Commentators in the press have begun speculating that the final aftershock might come in the form of a political landslide in the 1994 elections.

However, only once in its history of some 180 years has the modern nation had strong leadership—the fascism of Mussolini. Despite the repeated crises since then, the centrist Christian Democrats have retained power for decades.

But that has changed, at least for the short term. Basic

(enough, Italians seem to be saying, to the scandal, ineptitude, political maneuvering, nepotism, lumbering bureaucracy and, most of all, broken promises. What happened after the quake cannot be allowed to happen again.) Last week the Italian parliament opened debate on the controversial rescue mission. Five opposition parties in turn condemning the latest coalition led by Prime Minister Arnaldo Forlani. And while the nitpickers had their dig, 80 cm of fresh snow added to the misery in the south. There it was again—nothing but talk when action was needed.

The dean of the foreign press corps in Italy, Peter Schabert of The Times of London, once wrote scathingly that "Italians do not expect justice. They expect, rather, respect—in their favor." But recently the furies have seemed rare for everybody. Italians have traditionally been able to endure the corruption, the terrorism and the changes of government that come, on the average, every nine months. However, the anguish of the earthquake and the trauma of its aftermath could turn out to be the breaking point, as Italians begin seriously considering one of the extremists—the Communists, who control most of Italy's major cities, or the neo-fascists—for leadership that will end the long record of disorder and human agony.

Robin Wright is a Maclean's correspondent in Rome.



Selecting coffins in the quake zone: Broken promises



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MARTINI & ROSSI



# One business not like any other

*'I believe the media must not only be free, but must be seen to be free'*

By Ean Raussepp

**I**f the Royal Commission on Newspaper Concentration, chaired by Tom Kent, is to leave any lasting impact on Canadian media, it should make it clear once and for all that the media are not just businesses like other businesses, but that they have special responsibilities to the public, the proper discharge of which may require some degree of regulation.

Regulation, as we all know, is one of those unfortunate words that tends to bring on knee-jerk reactions about "creeping socialism" and "1984." But I suggest that regulation in itself does not necessarily mean loss of freedom. In fact, I can't think of any many activities today that aren't regulated to some degree or other—and usually for the better, especially where the rights of the public are concerned.

Furthermore, we have never had unregulated media. We have libel laws to ensure that reputations are protected against malicious attack; contempt-of-court laws to ensure that trials are conducted fairly; official secrets acts to protect the security of the state; pornography laws to protect public morality; and so on.

Clearly, regulation per se is not an infringement of press freedom: is a free society, some mechanisms are still necessary to ensure that one person's freedoms does not encroach on that of another. We believe in a system of rule of law to safeguard our rights, why should we suppose we cannot apply it to the media? We already have the example of the CBC to regulate broadcasting. I know some people would like to do away with it entirely, but it has helped to stave off neo-fascist incursions of our media and will continue, I hope, to do so. And there is the CBC itself, publicly owned, but every bit as responsible, if not more so, than the privately owned radio and television outlets.

In any case, I believe public ownership is not the answer, perhaps not even a necessary one in any more extreme form than we have now. What we do need is a clear and widespread recognition that the media have special responsibilities to the public, that they are accountable to the public and that profits are not their only reason d'être. If this were to become part of the national consciousness, we would be going a long way toward creating the kind of democratic society in which we say we seek to live. In practice, this would mean placing strict limits on the number of newspapers, radio stations, television stations, cable companies, magazines, etc. that any one group could own. We do this already to a certain extent in broadcasting, why not extend it? This in itself would ensure more diversity of values and the better with the spirit of a private Bill. Brother that is every bit as frightening as the government Bill. Brother that we can do still more by making it easier to start up new

media voices and preserve faltering ones. Senator Keith Dwyer's Special Senate Committee on Mass Media 10 years ago suggested a loan development fund. The idea has worked well in Sweden, why not here? Sweden also encourages joint use of printing and distribution facilities for separate editorial products. Why not here? Accountability to the public could be ensured—not by government controls—but by ombudsmen and press councils which would have strong public representation and which every media organization would be obliged to join. To this day, the Thomson chain of newspapers, for example, have refused to join any of the existing press councils. I wonder why? Regulation, to make it absolutely clear, would not be directed at editorial content. The media would retain the freedom they have today. All that would change would be the secrecy and lack of accountability.

The media today are big business, with the possibility of ownership further and further removed from the average citizen into the hands of a smallish group of financiers. Black Wednesday, the late Thomson Newspapers Ltd and Southern Inc. closed their money-losing papers, is a clear enough example of the dangers of this trend. I don't mean to say that Thomson and Southern should be held solely accountable for this turn of events. They did only what any astute business organizations could be expected to do. But that is exactly the rub. As long as we consider our media to be purely commercial ventures,

we must be prepared to accept something less than the best possible dissemination of news and ideas. I don't believe it's even a question of editorial independence; by the chain of ownership, though that remains a constant threat, it's simply that built into the business structures of our media are all kinds of cost-efficiency considerations that lead to understaffing, standardized news from wire services and news syndicates, and the ubiquitous use of unverified news handouts. We continue to use these lackluster products, because we have little choice and under monopoly or near-monopoly conditions, there is no incentive to improve the product.

There is today a concentration of ownership, cutting across all media forms, that is awesome. I'm not suggesting there's any conspiracy in this, but the mere existence of such a concentration of power is frightening. Whom does it benefit? What can justify it? As the saying goes, justice must not only be done, but it must be seen to be done. Only in this way can we justify our faith in democratic institutions. And the media are such institutions. I believe they must not only be free, but they must be seen to be free—free from government control, and free from purely business considerations.

A former newspaper reporter—Ean Raussepp teaches journalism at Concordia University in Montreal.



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## A miner in the bedrock of history

At 72, James Michener has added yet another blockbuster historical novel to his string of approximately a dozen best-selling tomes (*Tales of the South Pacific*, *Hawaii*, *The Source*, *Born*, *Centennial*, *Changewater*). As is usual with the works of this phenomenon of American letters, *The Cent B*, an 836-page saga about South Africa, is a runaway popular and financial success (all 120,000 copies were pre-sold in North America and the literary Guild reportedly paid him \$1.75 million). But, also as usual with Michener, the novel is a critical fiasco. "The Cent B Is the Mile of the literary world," as one critic called him, spoke last month with Toronto writer Terry Pratchett.

**Michener:** How do you feel about the critics, who have nagged thousands of Micheners? Some critics have felt that because I was a writer with a great popular appeal, I must somehow not be first-rate. Any writer who is very widely received is suspect because he might be making his material too easy, or avoiding big issues, or treating them cavalierly. I think it's quite proper for critics to say what they think. And if I depended upon booky men or specialists, I think I'd be a little absurd. But to have written the kinds of books I have, with so little obvious catering to the public taste, and to have them as well received, is really remarkable.

**Michener:** But at least one critic has accused you of false posturing.

**Michener:** An inveterate novelist is not an historian and should get to be held to the same standards. I think the statements worthy of attention, but I would apply to a great many more people than just me. Besides, I get at least 1,000 letters a year from people who say they wish history was taught the way I write. I think that kind of criticism will probably be voiced about *The Covenant*, but about 30 years from now it will have established an important portion of thought about the area.

**Michener:** Why did you choose South Africa as the subject of this book?

**Michener:** South Africa is going to be topic No. 3 or 4 for the rest of this century—maybe even No. 1—and some body like me knows that. If you travel there, you get that right, you see that it's a long-range thing, with great values involved. That makes for wonderful subject matter.

**Michener:** Did you have any trouble there because of your appetite for racism?



*"Any writer who is very widely received is suspect because he might be making his material too easy. [But] I get at least 1,000 letters a year from people who say they wish history was taught the way I write."*

**Michener:** The relationship was an arm's length one but I had no complaints at all. I don't think the government was happy to have had a writer there, but I think if they had to have someone they were content for it to be me because I don't do any jobs and I'm not a scandal-seeker.

**Michener:** What's your assessment of the situation in South Africa?

**Michener:** When I was first there in 1971, I said I thought the Afrikaners would have a free run until the year 2000. Now, mainly because of the remarkable things that are happening in the surrounding countries, I would shorten that to about 1990. An increasing number of people there are beginning to think the whites will eventually

surrender Pretoria, Johannesburg and Kimberley and retreat to an enclave around Cape Town, somewhat like Hong Kong. It's quite extraordinary you know. Armed revolution is freely discussed everywhere you go there. Writing about it is frowned upon as being inflammatory, but they scream back screams.

**Michener:** Do you feel your earlier work, *Caravans*, has any special relevance today?

**Michener:** I think its relevance is amazing. I was in Afghanistan about 20 years ago but I foresee the Russian and American confrontation. I foresee the strangle of the middle there just as they've been ordered in Iran. I've re-

ceived a lot of criticism in my day—people forget that sometimes—and people usually accused me for the same in Caravans where a woman is accused to death. Yet that's happening all over Iran now.

**Michener:** With your knowledge of the middle east, do you think the U.S. should be doing about the Iranian situation?

**Michener:** They should have assembled a high-level study group of people who've lived in those countries and can reasonably predict what might happen. It's the same now as it was in the Second World War. When we entered our war with Japan, we knew practically nothing about the country. It took us a dreadful time to catch up and over on that. But I think our main failure in Iran was not to move it onto the very highest level of moral imperative from the start. I think it might be best now to hang fire until Mr. Reagan takes office so he can make a fresh start.

**Michener:** Have you decided on the subject of your next book?

**Michener:** I have three or four in mind. Possibly a Caribbean story, or something based on my extensive interest in outer space. Or possibly an Alaskan novel with a strong Canadian component.

**Michener:** Won't your readers find Canada somewhat less exotic than your other subjects?

**Michener:** You're wrong there. When I wrote *Centennial*, I didn't pick the gold fields or the wildly exciting areas, I took the Midlands, which are bleak and for a long time. I would have no hesitancy in starting tomorrow on a book about Canada and be assured that people would be as interested in it as ever they were in *The Source* or *Born*.

**Michener:** What have your books accomplished?

**Michener:** I think that what anybody can accomplish with an art is minimal, socially. Right now, they're advertising my book as "the long-awaited novel of..." That's rubbish. The world is not waiting for a new novel by any body.

**Michener:** But surely there are legions of Michener fans out there.

**Michener:** Look, I have three millions of books in print, read everywhere, in all languages. The best way to say that my tall story has been positive rather than negative. But whether any of it is taken or not, I have a very cautious judgment. There's an anecdote that just about illustrates the level of what I've accomplished. Years ago, Gregory Pech was finishing a novel called *Centennial's Agreement*, about anti-Semitism. On the last day, two grips came up to him and said they'd been very moved and had learned a lot. Pech asked them what they'd learned and they said, "You better use us Jews, because they might turn out to be gentiles!" ☐



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## PROFILE: GERARD LOUIS DREYFUS

# Absentee landlord to a Canadian house of glitter

*A jet-setter's jet-setter with a flair for fortunes*



By Barbara Amiel

There is at least one duchess here, a handful of millionairesses and the granddaughter of actor Louis Howard. The Beautiful People have been seen in the fresh air of a winter in Beluga, coming from the Gaspé Sea, their international chic wrapped up in St. Laurent and Ungare, Dugues and Harry Winston. The Duchesse de Cadieux is busy exploring why she is wearing this delightful but inappropriate Mack-suit-skin, summer-weight Yves St. Laurent dress "I just came in from Portugal and left my winter clothes in Paris," she says, defining another glass of Lanson. Toronto remains apocalyptically.

The occasion is the opening of the André Oliver senior shop in Toronto's answer to Bond Street and Madison Avenue—the retail and condominium complex located in midtown called Hamilton Lanes. Oliver himself is standing in one corner of his new shop, next to a table strewn with a rainbow palette of exclusive sweaters (\$225), next to him, padded-shoulder-so-padded-shoulder,

as it were, is intimate friend Pierre Cardin. Completing the tableaux vivants are professional New York socialites Nan Kengner and Dreda Mele, hair pulled tightly back from cheekbones and sporting a fashionable chicness that looks just a little frante.

Their attention is directed not a narrow little man with a bow tie and the slightly puerile expression of a shoe salesman or fast-food pusher. Now a woman, seemingly twice his height, is next to him, whispering. For one instant the two of them stand facing their guests with real smiles. Another opening, another show. Paris-born Gerard Louis Dreyfus, proprietor of all his services—operating this new business shop in his Hamilton Lanes development—flanked by Toronto's Kristy Griffin. They are the new team in town, hairdressing and fashioning, pushing into the Canadian retailing and real estate world, with a mainstream style that stuns competitors and intimidates employees. "We're a combination of the old and the new—the best of two

worlds," says Griffin, "and we understand one another personally."

To understand, once impressioned what makes this team run, one needs to assimilate all sorts of random facts and impressions. Begin with Gerard Louis Dreyfus, 46, chairman of the multinational Louis-Dreyfus Company. Four years ago Dreyfus established 1993 Holdings Canada Ltd. to operate his Canadian real estate ventures. The Louis-Dreyfus name has been around the business community for nearly 130 years, since the time Gerard's great-grandfather Leopold Louis Dreyfus, son of a farmer in then-independent Alsace, first put some sacks of wheat on a cart and moved them across the Swiss border to sell in Basel. Out of this transaction developed one of the world's largest grain companies, diversified by successive Dreyfus sons into shipping, banking and manufacturing.

Today, the American-educated Gerard (known in English-speaking countries, consequently, as William Louis Dreyfus) has diversified the company further into real estate development with hotels in Europe and a part-interest in the Peer Seneca, Washington, DC. Canada is the key in the multi-national expansion plan—hence, the name Lanes. Of course the wheat merchant's eye has always been focused firmly north of the 49th parallel.

But now it is the developer's eye that is fixed on Canadian cities. Wearing his real estate hat, Gerard Louis Dreyfus is bullish on Canada. "It's got large open, free people and has avoided the boom syndrome. There's pleasing stability here." Current projects include the under-construction \$66-million twin office towers in Montreal at 1001 McGill College Ave. and the Les Terrasses office complex directly across the street, in Toronto, the Hamilton Lanes condominium and retail complex with a new, post-200-room hotel scheduled for construction in spring 1991, to be built and operated by Louis-Dreyfus. As well, the company is "looking" at properties in Vancouver and Calgary.

In the meantime, a number of people are looking at William Louis Dreyfus through his father Pierre's veil. "My father Pierre said," says Toronto lawyer M. France Elliott, "and his son William seems charming. But I don't feel that I actually know him."

For do, in person, the newest Dreyfus president tends to listen intently, choosing his words with a suspicion (and perhaps from his own days as a working journalist). Some personal details emerge hesitantly from him: "I was the black sheep of the family," he says, and declines to elaborate very much except to say that for almost 20 years he was estranged from his father in Paris.

He left Paris to come to America and

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study law. After becoming a corporate lawyer, he deserted the legal profession to work as a journalist in Raleigh, N.C. His decision, reflected in his involvement with the American civil rights movement in the '60s, came tinged with a questionable grammar. "If I couldn't find the right black family to illustrate a point, I made them up." A curious ambivalence seems always to hover about him: a fascination for power tinged with a slight feeling of distaste for the trappings; a Puritan's sensibility to move in the right circles streaked with a sense of American egotism; an irritation at references as made-to-measure as his—his tanned appearance, and a studied determination to show up looking very pro-

cessured to take. "I've never cried on a job before," claimed several associates, citing the extraordinarily long hours put in by Griffin and Dreyfus and the resulting high-voltage tempers and high expectations of lesser mortals. When the phone rang at the newly enlarged offices of two Holdings last week, an employee tore across the office to answer it. The caller was checking on the advertising copy for a sportswear shop "My God," and new employee Denise McKay, breathlessly, "It was

William Louis Dreyfus. Can you imagine if I'd had the phone ring more than three times?" She collapses.

Details of the company's activities are difficult to come by. The privately owned multinational firm does not make its dealings public. "We have assets of about \$900 million," says Louis Dreyfus with some vagueness, and then with a little smile, "and profits on those assets of not less than five per cent annually and not more than 20 per cent." The diversification into real estate forms about 18 per cent of the company's activity and about 20 per cent of its new investment. "And a quarter of our total effort," says Dreyfus.

Hence the party. Much effort goes into those business openings in Ha-

**HL**



Hazletton Lanes' logo, the Lanes' pink and interior, and Griffin & new look in town, with the savvy, contacts and money

zelian. "I remember when I first met him," says associate Kristyne Griffin, "he had no neck, holes in his shoes, candy slacks and red suspenders like children on night duty."

Perhaps it was this class, which has recently drawn the scrutiny, that helped him return to the bosom of his family. Who knows? Whatever distanced him from the chairman-and-skipper world of the Louis Dreyfus empire dissolved in 1974 when he returned to Paris to become the new president of Hazletton Lanes & Co. is a spectacular reevaluation.

Now, though he spends only four days a month in Canada, he oversees every detail of his company's operation from his headquarters in Stamford, Conn. "He wants to have everything," says Griffin, "every detail down to the color of the balloons I'm putting up for decoration." Some employees find the highly personalized, occasionally intrusive decision-making procedures too



selon Lanes. Louis Dreyfus is not just a banker and landlord—he is a shopkeeper who directly owns a number of the stores. The reason for this stems out of initial problems with Hazletton Lanes. Toronto developer Richard Woolley had the extraordinary vision that turned the dilapidated row houses of Toronto's Yorkville district into the Via Campello (Bond Street) Maison Avenue of Toronto all-inhabited, high-rental, people-watching club. But he didn't have the necessary staying power to weather early financial problems with his Hazletton Lanes development. In what elsewhere refers to as a "steady god-awful battle" that dragged on for a year between Louis Dreyfus and Woolley, the 50-per-cent share of the project Woolley had ended up in his parlor Dreyfus' hands. When it was all over, the Hazletton Lanes Woolley left in late 1977 was a strange mix of curio shops and little boutiques selling rugs. Stores were going out of business

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with unerring frequency. Louis Dreyfus made a virtue out of necessity. Now 506-per-cent owner of the Lanes, he became fully committed to making it work. Which was where Kristyne Griffin came in.

Polish-born, Montreal-based, Griffin, 40, worked in Paris for the international real-estate corporation, returned to Canada as hostess at the Purdon d'Hearne for Ropa 57 and then talked her way into rejoining Rabin's fashion industry department. In person she is five feet, 11 inches of blonde exotisme, an imperious presence (a little girl, knee-slouching dresses, wire-rimmed glasses) and a laconic manner in any of the four languages she can use. She brought to the partnership a hard-boiled business savvy and first-class Korean contacts. In combination with the financial clout of Louis Dreyfus, this meant the magic number that had eluded Wesley could be lured to the complex—for a price. The price was heavy investment by Louis Dreyfus. He paid and they came. La Maison Davidoff rights (55-per-cent) owned by Dreyfus, Turnbull and Asner (50 per cent), Courreges (100 per cent) and so on.

For Louis Dreyfus it was a new diversification—into retailing. "That sort of setup," says financial analyst Ira Gluckin, "is often a sign of weakness. It means you really want a chocolate mousser store and three have gone bankrupt so you had to use yourself. Still, with the kind of assets the Louis-Dreyfus company has, he could probably afford to lose everything he's investing in real estate and retailing." That financial clout is persuasive. Last October, Turnbull's high-fashion crew, Saks Fifth Avenue, president of CHERIE's, arrived at his office to find a letter from Yves St. Laurent cancelling the association between St. Laurent and the store. St. Laurent had finally succumbed to Griffin and Dreyfus. The offer neither party could turn down consisted of three separate St. Laurent shops to be opened in Hazzard Lanes (February, 1991), Montreal and Calgary, and run by Griffin. "I think he'll make my dream work in the end," says Wesley. "He's got the reason to stay in the game and want things out in his own time."

Others are more skeptical. "It will be interesting to watch," says Gluckin, "whether the market can absorb the high-priced retail trade he has now brought into Hazzard Lanes. Whether he can not only build a hotel of the luxury type he's talking about but operate it as well. The rules aren't with him, but then the exception proves the rule." "The time to stay," says Louis Dreyfus, "I have a need and a use for a special kind of energy and Canada fits it perfectly."

It's interesting to watch. ☐

# Our Fish Story

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## Anne of gold gables

Unfortunately, your article *The Prince of Mr. Anne Murray* (Cover, Oct. 28) offered us new insight into the person but merely confirmed what I have known for years—the lady is remarkable. By virtue of sheer talent, integrity and intelligence, she has managed to rise to the very top without losing perspective.

—BRIAN J. MCKENNA  
Melville

Thank you for your article on Anne Murray. It was a special joy for me to see her once again gracing the cover of Canada's national newsmagazine. No matter how boisterous it sounds, I will always be absolutely "baked pink" by the story of how she got from Springfield, Ill. to worldwide fame. She has been a constant source of inspiration to me, the example she has set has encouraged me to work hard and to hang on to the things I believe in. She has stuck to her principles and 18 years later she still has integrity, heart and humanity.

—PATRICIA ROSS  
Worcester

## Give and take

Peter C. Newman's editorial *Our Neighbours Still Treat Us Like Mexicans on Parade* (Oct. 23) had some strong points with respect to Canadian-U.S. relations. However, as a citizen of both countries, I feel that the economic relationship has to be put into perspective. Our economic development (thus our standard of living) in Canada is largely the result of U.S. technology and capital. To suggest that Canada is now in a position to



Anne Murray: a source of inspiration

sell the economic sheets is to ignore the realities of our lifestyle itself. Canada's population and geographic layout make it difficult to produce finished goods on a grand scale, as we will likely always be an exporter of resources and an importer of technology and durables. The U.S. will want our resources; we will want the finished product and thus fair trade should become the economic reality.

—I. A. STEVENS  
Atypica

## A different beat

Your reference to Bruce Cockburn (*People*, Oct. 21) may leave some with the impression that he is, in general, naive. In the musical idiom of rock's creativity, I assure you Bruce Cockburn is not a naïve individual. He is miles ahead of where most people have ever been. Furthermore, you misspelled the name of his guitar. It is spelled Larrielle.

—MARKANTONIO CALLEPP  
Halifax, N.S.

I am writing to try and clear Bruce Cockburn of the idiot image that was inferred in your *People* section. The thrust of my comments was to show how impressed we were with Bruce's open-arm acceptance of the brutal pro-winter weather and considerable logistical hardships of the trip, which is our experience in something to avoid at any cost—but here he was trading coolly and inventively outside the parameters of his urban existence. And, I might add, although we were feeling the vulnerability of his coated guitar, the evening gangline concerts wouldn't have been possible without it.

—PATRICK NORRIS  
Kinsley, B.C.

## Mainly misleading

We wholeheartedly support Murray Cockburn's condemnation of governmental advisory advertising (*Wash. Post* (Governmental Ad), *Posters*, Oct. 13). Our specific concern is with a series of misleading ads by the Ontario ministry of the environment telling us that the province's watersheds are clean and pollution-free. Consequently, ignored are such matters as the thousands of lakes killed or threatened by acid rain or the mercury-contaminated English-Walloon River system. Cockburn suggests that stringent controls may be one way of controlling misleading governmental propaganda. Another method to be considered is to allow public-interest groups and others an equal opportunity for reply.

—ROBERT K. TOSHER  
Council, Canadian Environmental Law Association, Toronto

## National health disservice

This letter is prompted by the article *BNH the Real Menace: Why Phone Stand Up* (Canada, Sept. 15) concerning Bannockburn Health's report on the health care services of Canada. It has been dramatically demonstrated by the British

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(244)



Ana Hernandez: Age-seven, Ana is a tumbledown, dirt-floored shack. Meals are starvey-nutritive. Poor. Family suffers from stomach pains, colds. Medical care scarce.

## How much pain can a little child bear?



Ana was born seven years ago—born into a life whose only promise was pain. Her body is still that of a child, but the hardships she bears would break a grown woman. Starvation disrupts her stomach, her limbs—on for her the healthy chubbiness of childhood. Her small face pockers often into worry and frowns—tires becoming straggles when life offers no joy. Playgrounds and toys have no part in her life. Even her thoughts offer no escape.

How can she dream of a happier life? How can she wish for something she's never known?

Put simply, she can't—and perhaps that is a mercy in itself. Only as she grows older will she have to face the reality of doing without what so many others can take for granted. Perhaps it will be more than she can bear. Or perhaps somehow, her life will improve—if only someone would care enough to help.

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National Health Service that if a generally poor-quality state-run health care service is provided, a generally better, separate, privately financed service will appear. Our legislators must realize that such a dual system should not be our aim. We must not emulate the totally socialist British system, which has led to just that system that Margaret Thatcher wishes to avoid—one system for the rich and one for the poor.

—PATRICK HENLETT  
Toronto

### Yearning up the wrong tree

Barbara Amiel must be yearning for some romantically bleak and white "seasonal or moral perspectives on life" when she dismisses Margaret Drabble as a Harlequin in ivory-tower clothing (*Abolition of Man* of Urban Sensibility, Sept. 25). I would, any day, up for the reality of Drabble's *The Reading of Gold* on which transparency and mystifying emotional contradictions are delightfully portrayed) than the manipulated ending of *Reverence* by the so-called literary great, Leo Tolstoy.

—GABRIEL HOLLAND  
Ottawa

### Degrees of hate

It frightens me to know that the same spirit of prejudice and hatred that exterminated Anne Frank is alive and well in the hearts and minds of the students at Bishop's University (A *Sad Guy* at Bishop's, Canada, Oct. 6).

—JOHN MCDONN  
High Prairie, Alta.

### The three-per-cent solution

In your article *The Men on the Hot Seat* in the *Nuclear Debate* (Q & A, Oct. 6), the final question asked Mr. Porter was "Nuclear energy provides about two per cent of Canada's total energy needs. What percentage do you think it can realistically provide by the year 2000?" Mr. Porter's answer was "A very good question. To be realistic, I would think three per cent." My only question, and I ask it in true amazement, why do we take such risks for a mere three per cent of our total energy needs?

—DALE E. SHUTT  
St. du Grand Caubert, Que.

### The flying son

I found the article on *Kramer Versus the Royals* (Canada, Oct. 6) quite interesting. For weeks following my four-year-old son's viewing of the movie *Superman*, I found it hard to stop at every light object in the house and neighborhood trying to fly.

—LENN TOMCIVK  
Victoria, B.C.

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# A defecting pilot comes down to earth

The world as a CIA ruse just to trick and impress foreigners

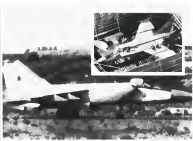
It was a cold, but clear and bright autumn day—Sept. 8, 1976—when Soviet fighter pilot Viktor Belenko climbed into his top-secret MiG-25 for a training flight over the base at Zhukovka, on the Chinese border in far eastern Siberia. Two minutes after takeoff he suddenly switched course, signaled that he was about to crash, and dived low over the Sea of Japan heading for Tokyo and freedom. Through some spectacular flying tactics he evaded his pursuing countrymen, and their surprise, to land his remarkably valuable aircraft—code-named Foxtrot by NATO. (It was the most advanced interceptor of its time—in Japan where he asked for a new life in the United States.

The Foxtrot was eventually returned to Moscow in pieces after a thorough inspection, and Soviet Belenko, after extensive and valuable debriefing by the CIA, was eased into Western society. Last autumn, four years after that mad dash across the sea, President Jimmy Carter signed a congressional order into law making Belenko a U.S. citizen.

It has not been an easy transition, but Belenko has survived, with a new name and appearance, in a large midwestern city. Fascinated first as an anthropological point of view, his adjustment has been compared by CIA veterans to taking a semi-born and -raised bear and setting it free in the wilderness. Former intelligence officer John Barron, now working as an editor in Washington, knows Belenko well and has just published a book, *MC Pilot*, about him.

At first, says Barron, the defector thought North America was all too good to be true. He suspected that the supermarkets, shops, hospitals and military bases that he visited were all run behind by the CIA just to impress foreigners. He was shown as aircraft carrier and captain, before the freedom and responsibility of officers and men alike. "I saw sergeants in charge of equipment that would only be treated to a trim of two colonels and a civilian with a PhD in Russia," he said later.

"He finds excitement is everything," says Barron. "When he first arrived he couldn't drive a car. We taught him to do that in a matter of hours and he has since driven all over the country." Once while driving with a CIA officer in Virginia, he was stopped for speeding. The police officer approached the car and Belenko calmly handed him \$40, confident that the bribe would settle every-



The Foxtrot in Japan, being inspected (left); Belenko in Tokyo: returned in pieces



thing. The CIA man quickly identified himself and explained that in the Soviet Union it is commonplace to bribe the police to avoid traffic tickets. Belenko shrugged, the police officer shook hands with Belenko and said he was proud to meet him.

Although the freedom and responsibility given to sailors aboard the aircraft carrier surprised Belenko, something else stunned him even more—that sailors not only had a choice of food, but that they could eat as much as they wanted. He suspected another ruse and decided to test the system. Along with

his CIA guides, Belenko walked through the self-service line, filling his dinner plate. He then forced a table and sat down to eat. Then suddenly he jumped up and ran through the line again. When no one paid him any attention he filled up another dinner plate and returned to the table. The CIA men watched in amazement as he sheepishly ate the two dinners. "Soviet people in Russia believe that Americans are starving to death and living in poverty," he told the CIA. "If only they knew the truth there would be a revolution."

On one of his first outings to a shopping mall, Belenko insisted on looking inside a supermarket. He stood staring like a child in a toy store. At last he turned to his CIA interpreters and said "Where are the people, the crowds, the lines?" That proves it. This is not a real store. The people can't afford it. If they could, everybody would be here. It's a shopping mall," says Barron. "When he saw a service station in the shopping mall with people driving up and buying gas, that was the last straw. In Belenko's past life, gasoline outlets were so scarce that a wait for four or five hours for fuel was ordinary." On the way back to CIA headquarters, he said "I congratulate you. That was a spectacular show you put on for me. That must be the place you take all the foreigners."

—WILLIAM LAWRENCE



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And that's who we'd like to talk to. That even larger group of people who are smokers today.

If you're a smoker, you've probably heard the charges leveled against smoking.

## CITY SCENE

### From a school for scandal to a successful save

*Finding what the youngsters couldn't—happiness*



*Fulton, now it's part of the community*

The 15-story cement building on the corner of Toronto's Bloor Street West and Huron Street is not unlike any other downtown high-rise in appearance, at least. It has 228 apartments of varying sizes, a half-dozen offices on the second floor and shops on the street level. But for resident senior citizen Steve King, living in the place is heaven on earth. And for a host of politicians, government bureaucrats and the police, the building is a \$18.1-million decade-long nightmare that has finally turned into a dream.

It began as a dream of a different sort, Rosedale College, an idyllic experiment in free-style post-secondary education. It didn't work. Instead it became a fortress of social and legal lawlessness, drug abuse and discretion which took authorities years and cost Canadian taxpayers \$12.6 million to end. The human cost was devastating. There are no statistics available as just how many young people, many not even sexually interested in education, passed through its doors in search of themselves plus entry to the drug cult.

At least seven people died there: four suicides, two drug overdoses and one murder in one three-month period alone in 1973. Many police made 750 drug arrests in the building. Today the place has a new look and a new name. Owned by the nonprofit Metropolitan Toronto Housing Co. Ltd., it is called the Senator David A. Croll Apartments, named after the greffe 86-year-old white-haired politician who has spent most of the past two decades championing the cause of the aged and underprivileged. A little more than half the units are occupied by single persons and couples without children who pay rents that range from \$326 to \$450 a month. Twenty-nine apartments have been set aside for the physically disabled. Seniors are administered by the nonprofit charitable Morrissey Residences (Chevrons) Foundation. Tenants must be mentally competent, emotionally mature, responsible for their own financial affairs and able to meet their own living costs. Morrissey provides attendant care—such as assistance with feeding, toilet and lifting people in and out of bed—from a central staff room situated 24 hours a day on the 13th floor.

But it is the 136 senior citizen apartments that have meant so much to Steve King. A small bespectacled man of 66 who works as an outdoor messenger for the Crown Life Insurance Co., he was one of the first tenants in the building. King found what the

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It's known as The Cream.



An arrival in the Rockdale of the '60s—the long night is now a dream.

youngsters of a decade ago couldn't—happiness and a purpose in life. After six years in a rooming house he is now listed about life. "Now I have a bachelor apartment on the 12th floor. You should see the view. I waited three years to get in here. And I've started a model railroad in my kitchen. I'm the happiest guy around."

A happy ending after a disastrous start. College founders had turned their backs on the educational establishment. At Rockdale there would be no system, no social or academic rules. The students would decide by consensus what would be taught. There would be no degrees and no diplomas. The plan was simply this: Rockdale's "professors" would advise such distinctions that mere attendance at the college would be as good as a diploma from some other institute.

Rockdale would have 800 residents—200 of whom would further their education through the college's facilities; a further 500 would take part in the experiment by living in the college but attending classes at the University of Toronto. The only qualification for entry was paying the rent. But scandal, not scholarship, attached to the building, and it was finally cleared and closed in May of 1976. It cost Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation \$4 million to repair the damage before it could sell Rockdale to the Metropolitan Toronto Housing Co. Ltd. for \$9.1 million.

One of the new commercial tenants in the building is the Ontario office of the Christian Science Church. Spokesman J. Don Pelton is particularly pleased about one piece of Rockdale's history that has been preserved. It is the statue of the Unknown Student. When first created by a college student, the huge plastic figure was placed outside, on the sidewalk, facing the building with its back to the community. It has been raised on a pedestal and turned around. Now it is part of the community.

—GERRY MCGLAVIN

CANADA

## From Budapest with more than love

Alice and well and hiding in Toronto



By Barbara Amiel

The caller speaks in Hungarian, saying only that his name was Tim. "Let me give you some friendly advice," he whispered into the phone. "Don't stay in Canada. You'll only be deported." His listener, a stylish blonde woman and her dark-haired male companion, shivered. They couldn't be sure who the caller was or how he had found their number. The next day, they changed their hideout.

The Hungarian embassy official who telephoned the CBC last week was more straightforward. "Do you know where we can get in touch with two of our nationals?" he asked. "They were supposed to be back in Hungary on Nov

ember 11. But the CBC knew nothing about Hungarian nationals—only that its second co-production with Magyar Television (MTV) was going off without a hitch. The 60-minute TV biography of the great modern Hungarian composer Béla Bartók, directed by Curtis Davis and featuring the Detroit Symphony's Antal Dorati guest-conducting the Hungarian Radio-Television Symphony Orchestra, was "in the can" ready to be aired in March, 1980, the centenary of Bartók's birth. However, Madcan's has

learned, the Air France jet that took off from Toronto for Budapest on Nov. 17 carried back only half of the MTV team. The senior members, Janos Vencenyis, 50, and Andrea Pelner, 48, had gone underground in Toronto.

The defection had caused a quiet. Pelner, chief editor of MTV's department of serious music, and Vencenyis, associate program director ranked No. 3 in the hierarchy of Hungarian television, did not wish to encourage their Canadian partners. In an exclusive interview with Madcan's last week, Vencenyis explained: "We regarded it a private matter. We didn't make a move until the show was finished and officially handed over to the CBC."

It was not only to keep the CBC from embarrassment, of course, that Vencenyis and Pelner had to go through their dual-and-dagger act. "You can't breathe a word," Vencenyis says. "But just to protect yourself, but to protect your family and friends in Hungary, to know about a would-be defector is glib knowledge, the same as aiding and abetting." On Nov. 18, even Pelner's mother and Vencenyis' 22-year-old son were waiting for the Air France



jet to land at the Budapest airport. "I don't know exactly what they'd do to us if they got on back," Vencenyis says, "but I'd rather not find out." He won't have to—since Canada turns down the hard-immigrant status for which he and Pelner have applied.

Vencenyis and Pelner represent a new breed of defectors: their motivation is not, strictly speaking, political or even economic. As high-ranking officials of Hungary's television industry, they belonged to the privileged classes of the People's Republic. Though it took more than a year's income and then a two-year wait for defectors, by the mid-1970s they were each proud owners of a Lada car—his an 1980 model, hers more modest 1980. But it was precisely

Madcan's



Bartok producer Derek: the CBC knew nothing about Hungarian nationalism

their status as high achievers, socialists, that got Vesserey and Pollner into trouble.

CBC Radio has evidently not been the only battleground in the past decade between the efforts and the populists in broadcast programming. The same fight raged in the battle of Hungarian politicians, with Pollner and Vesserey throwing in their lot with the populists. "We wanted to do shows that viewers would turn to in great numbers," Pollner says—and Hungarian viewers did, despite, apparently, as an unexpected way, to the Vesserey and Pollner duo's televised series of international competitions between serious musicians. The reason was not only the Hungarian public's love for foreign music. The international competitions, with young pianists, singers and conductors invited from all over the world, seemed Hungary's window a little wider to the West. The competition began—the last one, in May, 1988, under the honorary chairmanship of Herbert von Karajan—included such stellar names as Italy's Carlo Zecchi and Willi Boskovsky of the Vienna Philharmonic and listened, among others, the careers of Hungarian pianist Zoltan Kocsis, Czech violonist Václav Hudebník and Japanese conductor Seiji Ozawa. Rehearsing, today all rising stars of the European concert circuit.

Beating the drum for young new talent in the sticky history of Hungary's musical establishment was not all the problem for Vesserey and Pollner. Their unforgettable aim was to introduce

the idea of a special prize in each competition: the popular vote of the audience itself. As a result, almost 50,000 Hungarians, long denied the satisfaction of a secret ballot, swarmed to boxes set up in front of the Budapest Opera and Academy of Music. Many came from the country, on motorbikes and in buses, creating a traffic jam. For the first time in more than a quarter of a century, the people could exercise their franchise—if only to elect the best conductor of this Budapest or Beethoven's Fifth. (The people's choice, incidentally, in the 1977 conductor competition happened to be a Canadian, Dr. Myer, now associate conductor of the Montreal Symphony.)

The efforts failed—and, unlike in the U.S., even the day. Changing Vesserey and Pollner with high notes and tuning the skewed positions of academic music into a circus, they put an end to international competitions. "They started Andras and," Vesserey says, "and looked at my options in the associate director's chair." The two would never be allowed to touch music programming again and, state broadcasting being a monopoly, would have no alternate networks or independent producers to provide an outlet for their passion.

In the case of Andras and János, the passion was not only for star-making. It was also for each other. Except Vesserey was married and, in spite of their long and public affair, they could never live together. "All our friends look about us," Vesserey says, "and eventually I would have got a divorce anyway." But the housing shortage alone makes trading spouses a cumbersome task in the Hungarian People's Republic. In 1975, Pollner remarried, the apartment in which she lived at the cost of twice her annual income. In 1979, the district planning committee denied her a permit to continue living in it, ruling that it was too big for her.

It was the CBC's decision to co-produce the Bartok program with MTV and Carlin Davis that finally frustrated the romance. "It goes in its string," Vesserey says. "When Bartok escaped to New York in 1949, he even lost his suitcase on the way. We managed to bring one to him. They're mostly empty, but our heads are full." For its seven-million-dollar (about \$350,000) investment, Hungary loses two full-sized programming but gains East European distribution to the 86-million when Vesserey and Pollner lose everything. Lada cars included, but gave each other. Also, perhaps, when their English improves, the opportunity to back a new establishment. "There is a difference, I think," Vesserey says. "In the West, even the establishment is not the only game in town." ☐

## The constitution

### More time for more talk

The long, bitter quarrel over the government's constitution timetable was suspended—for a while, at least—after a secret meeting last week in the Senate meeting room. Carefully avoiding reporters, they arrived one by one: government House leader Yvon Pinard, Tory opposite Walter Baker and New Democrat Stanley Knowles. Under a portrait of Sir James Loughheed, whose grandson is among the men fighting the Trudeau constitution is court (see following story), the three sat down on a two-month extension for the special committee examining



ing the package. After consulting senior cabinet colleagues the next day, Pinard told the House of the true: the constitution need not report until Feb. 8. Conservative leader Joe Clark wanted a brief flap by immediately asserting his right to ask for another extension later, but the government's action softened opposition within the committee itself. Committee members had previously requested the rush response on the intricate constitutional study, and the Liberals were hardly less upset.

Among the hundreds of would-be witnesses with a newly improved chance of appearing before the committee in the National Indian Brotherhood (NIB), badly risen last week by the seemingly simple issue of whether to testify at all. The question goes to the heart of the Indians' dilemma as they struggle for recognition of aboriginal and treaty rights. Some native groups—especially those with treaties—want to urge the committee and Parliament to place



Shop rights in the constitution. Others, holding as trustees with the Crown, argue that they should gain sovereign nations only with the Canadian government or the Queen herself. The conflict boiled to the surface as the 500 participants from the Constitution Express arrived about 400 chiefs assembled at a downtown hotel. The younger chiefs of the train from British Columbia—opposed to meeting what they called a powerless committee—finally persuaded the site leadership to delay a decision until another gathering in the new year, 88 from the train then chartered a bus for a lobbying trip to the United Nations in New York. The discussions over tactics did not completely obscure the natives' central point—the claim to full native rights and the subsequent delay in Parliament's final vote. In Quebec, the Lévesque cabinet launched a promotional 30th, complete with color brochures, opposing the Trudeau plan with quotes from Clark, Newfoundland's Brian Peckford and B.C.'s Bill Bennett. Trudeau's fellow Liberal Claude Ryan came to Ottawa and attached the plan for its lack of provincial consent. Tory Premier John Diefenbaker of Nova Scotia told the committee Trudeau's unilateral action could "destroy our country" and said some agreement might be reached with one more first ministers' meeting. But he offered no evidence, and New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, another Tory, said trying for unanimity yet again "will not work." Critical of provisions for future national referendums and the failure to impose French as an official language in Ontario, Hatfield nonetheless endorsed Trudeau's scheme as the only answer to the federal-provincial impasse. It is a dispute that divides parties as well as tribes.

—JOHN HAY

### Now they lay us down to sleep...

The sheriff's office were within a wink of a decision and even the two warring side-buffalo shows the bench seemed to be stifling passion and to be down for an afternoon nap as Manrobb's legal challenge to the Trudeau initiative package crossed in the end of its second day in Kingston last week, with at least two more days in prospect. The province, represented by A. Kerr Twiddle, is asking the five-man Manitoba Court of Appeal, headed by Chief Justice Samuel Proulx, to give its opinion in three questions: • Will federal privatisation plans affect the sovereignty of power between Ottawa and the provinces? • Is there at least a convention that suggests provincial agreement be obtained before Ottawa seeks constitutional amendments that would affect the rights and powers of provinces? • Is such an agreement a legal requirement?

When the hearings opened in Courtroom 2 of the Manitoba Law Courts building, it was raining even only, but the curious ones drifted away, their minds dulled by the tortured, nonsensical and often repetitive arguments. "I'm not being paid to listen to this," said one observer as he exited quickly. Finally were, though. At 11:55 on the scene in the media courtrooms resembled a conversation of the Canadian Bar Association, with 21 "official" lawyers in two rows facing the bench. The Manrobb challenge was agreed to in late October at a meeting of attorneys-general in Winnipeg. Later this month, Quebec and Newfoundland plan to launch their own court actions before British Columbia, Prince Edward Is-



Byles Maclean and Buchanan: dispute that divides parties as well as tribes



land, Alberta and Newfoundland have all had conventions supporting Manitoba, so has the Four Nations Confederacy, representing 40,000 Manitoba Indians.

Quoting a multitude of sources ranging from Sir Ivor Jennings to Mackenzie King, Twaddle was on his feet for a day and a half arguing in his 50-page brief that legal precedents have established a convention for constitutional changes that requires the consent of the provinces when changes affect their powers.

"That convention has now crystallized into a rule of law which this court should acknowledge," he said. For the five judges, clearly uncomfortable with their role, nothing seemed to have crystallized. The real problem, as Mr. Justice J.O. McMillan put it, is that "no one knows how to change the constitution."

One observer who had no difficulty staying wide awake during the heavy proceedings was grey-haired Georges Fauriol, whose Supreme Court victory over being issued a contemptful parking ticket forced Manitoba to return French as an official language. Fauriol was pleased to see the court had provided bilingual translation facilities, but less so when he heard Quebec factors would make his arguments in English and the equipment wouldn't be available.

However, Quebec, represented by Denis Rivest, did file a copy of its arguments in French, providing the comment from Mr. Justice O'Blivion, "That's the first document in French to be filed here since the 1890s," which



Twaddle argues and cheers.

As the legion of lawyers shuffled nervously through their red-bound factums, Quebec argued that the Trudeau plan will substantially affect provincial powers, including a retroactive ability of sources, including the Colonial



Twaddle: lawyer D'Arcy McCaffrey left, Twaddle: the curious case drifted away.

Law Validity Act, British Columbia v. The King, and Madrasimmo v. Landreth. Rivest asked the court to declare that a convention on change has evolved and that unilateral action is a no-no. The British Columbia authorities cited 19 sections of the proposed Constitution Act (1982) that the province claims in-

had already been converted when Robette, a proponent man even then, took the appeal. He was a new trial and persuaded the judge to acquit him though she subsequently served 31 years for manslaughter in the death of the couple's infant son.

In an era of emotional murders the Dick case gave the press good yellow copy for months on end, and Robette was sometimes locked down again as a glorified dancer of orange wigs. But no one denied he got results. Besides Dick, he saved 16 people from the hangman, took only one such life-and-death case. It involved a member of the notorious Jack-busting Royal Gang, executed for his part in the 1931 slaying of Toronto copper Edmund (The Ottawa) Trial. All that is a long way from what Robette, now 74, subsequently became, the most respected, almost adored, lawyer in the country. Along the way, he has also been named for citizens' groups wishing to stop such things as pornography and abortion or to save their Toronto Island home from demolition. More recently and more importantly, he has been a defender of the federal government against constitutional invaders.



O'Brien: a footnote to the court to seek out when truly up against it.

as a footnote to the court to seek out when truly up against it. The case that troubled Robette to prominence was the infamous Toronto Murder of 1946. A Hamilton woman named Evelyn Dick was accused, along with several other people, of murdering her husband of six months, a local stenographer. One of using a sharp instrument to resolve his wife's component elements. In fact, Dick

pinched on existing federal-provincial relations. Arguing for the provinces, David Geddes claimed the proposed act was "contrary not only to constitutional convention, but to the law which is as binding upon the federal government as it is upon the provinces."

Being patently by way of over-kill, John J. Robette, who will get his chance to defend Ottawa this week. The Toronto lawyer (see box) will argue that Manitoba's first two questions are no business of the courts, that no free convention exists as a conventional change and that, even if it did, it has no legally binding force. "Conventions are flexible, imprecise and political, therefore unsuitable for enforcement by the courts," argues Robette's 60-page brief. Attesting Twaddle's claim that an ascending formula already exists and requires the full consent of 11 governments, the Ottawa brief rejects Manitoba's arguments and warns there is "no legal basis upon which this court could arrive at an extraordinary conclusion."

As Chief Justice Freeman adjourned the hearings for the weekend, it was clear only that the quagmire is getting stickier and that a traveller's guide to the anarched swamps of constitutional change has yet to be published. Whether or not the Manitoba Court of Appeal will chart such a perilous path—if indeed it has the power to—remains as debatable as some of the arguments advanced last week.

—PETER CUNYLL-GORDON

## The Great Lakes

### Poison, poison everywhere

Last week's greenhouse news that a deadly toxin is poisoning the waters of Lake Ontario—and, quite possibly, the hundreds of thousands of people who drink its water and eat its fish—may only be the opening act of an environmental horror show. Moderns has learned that federal scientists have discovered another high-toxic toxin in the livers of chickens fed for domestic consumption in Ontario. An internal review of the federal health and welfare department concludes that the chickens become contaminated by eating, or breathing in the dust from, wood shavings commonly used as bedding in

poisoned meat. But there is enough disturbing evidence to prompt the study's authors to call for "more stringent control" of materials used for animal bedding. And the federal health department is also planning to extend the study to include chicken fat. If definite are discovered there—and most authorities are sure they will be—the potential danger for consumers will be even greater since chicken fat is used to produce a wide range of chicken products.

The toxin discovered in the chicken livers—most of them taken from farms in the Greater, Ont., area—is similar but not identical to the toxin found in the herring gull eggs that formed the basis for the Lake Ontario study released last week. That toxin, E.T.H.-1001, is the most deadly man-made chemical 1/200th of a drop will kill a person. It is found during the manufacture of certain chemicals produced until recently by some of the industries disordered



Herring gulls: people rarely eat gull eggs but they do eat chicken fowl.

around the American side of the Great Lakes. While only one company, Dow Chemical at Midland, Mich., on Lake Erie, still makes the offending product—and under much tighter supervision—the many chemical garbage dumps in the Niagara region are still leaking the deadly toxin into the Great Lakes system.

At his press conference last week, federal Environment Minister John Roberts said he will ask the United States to eliminate the sources of dust even if it means banning the manufac-

ture of certain chemicals. He also said that the federal health department is planning to extend the study to include chicken fat. If definite are discovered there—and most authorities are sure they will be—the potential danger for consumers will be even greater since chicken fat is used to produce a wide range of chicken products.

## 'J.J.R.'—the letters of the law

When the federal government retained Toronto lawyer J.J. Robette to fight its constitutional case against the provinces, it was taken as a further indication that this time Ottawa really means business. Throughout much of his 30-year career, Robette has been the counsel sought out by anyone truly up against it—facing hostile public opinion, prison or even the gallows. Sometimes the same about, or even the same. "J.J.R." screamed across the bottom of a letter, has been enough to settle a case quickly in his client's favor.

In this instance, the Liberals no doubt chose Robette for the constitutional expertise he brought into play or their belief on earlier occasions that they would have been backed by the additional reputations that comes along with it—the reputation for being the best all-around legal talent in Canada and, as a bonus, one of the judges the most gifted trial lawyer the province produced. It was not always so, at least



Roberts: a top production and plug leader

## Montreal

### 'There must be an Islamic bomb'

**T**here's a Hindu bomb, a Jewish bomb and a Christian bomb," Ali Bhatti, the former prime minister of Pakistan, once said. "We will eat leaves and grass, even go hungry, but there must be an Islamic bomb" in Ottawa, as in London and Washington, the official position continues to be that, as the refinery, there must not be an Islamic bomb. Yet last week Canada's the fifth estate aired a story arguing that the Canadian contribution to Pakistan's nuclear dream couldn't have been greater if Parliament Hill approved its actions. Three Canadian citizens—Abdel Aziz Khan, Mohammed Ahmed and Jahan Raza—were charged with nuclear components the fifth estate claims these components are crucial for the completion of a uranium enrichment plant, and enriched uranium, according to the U.S. state department, is the linchpin of Pakistan's weapons program. For what the RCMP publicly treats as just a routine criminal investigation—the offenders allegedly transacted a little-known section of the Import Export Permit Act, which says that Canadian firms cannot buy material in the U.S. for export abroad without modifying it—the affair could mushroom into a major diplomatic cloud.

Pakistan, sandwiched between two potential enemies, the Soviet Union and India, hanged for its own bomb well before India exploded an atomic device on May 18, 1974. That blast shook Canada, India based its device on technology from its Canadian-designed nuclear reactor. Pakistan had just opened such a reactor. Moreover, it had been promised financial backing from oil-rich Libya's Col. Muammar Khadaffi. Though stories about Pakistan's ambitions kept leaking out of Islamabad, President Bhutto, who came to Ottawa in February, 1978, to negotiate sales of arms on a fact, denied them to a worried Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Because Pakistan still refused to let Canada impose safeguards, the talks collapsed.

turned on. "I think it's a wonderful gesture," Montreal, New Brunswick's tourism minister, Leland McGee, played a similar Christmas highlight role for his province in two smaller Massachusetts cities. And N.B. Premier Richard Blais showed up in Washington and President, Ronald Reagan, to

Nova Scotia's premier, hostile phase note



Mailing (left) interviewing Mohamud Ahmad, issues, press—and maybe more

FAIR purchasing agent had been attached to the investigation. One of the three Canadians currently facing charges doesn't deny that he met with the pair who he says "were a bit of a mess."

They wanted to buy legal items. You

jets in prayer for the Iranian hostages and light two billion five from the Maritime Provincial Park near Fredericton. Choosing the right trees is an important matter. "It was a hard job," declared Maritime Park manager Lee Brown. "To get 30-foot trees with the right shape, we had to look over quite a bit."

It took Brown and his staff two days to find the seven trees the province needed for its gift-giving. Then the staff had to fill the trees on a frost-free day and carry them out to a road. "They were heavy enough," said Brown, "but if the back got skinned as the branches broken, they'd be no good at all."

One of Brown's trees eventually made its way to New Jersey, where, just another hands-across-the-border holiday ceremony was held. During the War of American Independence, two battalions of the New Jersey Volunteers Regiment remained loyal to the British Crown and moved to the Fredericton area where they settled and their sons of their descendants still live. New Jersey also has a city of New Brunswick that derives its name from the same German House of Brunswick as the province. Since New Brunswick, N.J., happens to be celebrating its tricentennial this year, and the province will observe its own bicentennial in 1984, provincial officials decided a gift could be more timely or appropriate for their city namesake than a good old-fashioned tannenbaum.



Bachman, Boston Pope conductor John Williams, Santa Claus, coffee-yellow trade

can use resources in hospitals? Nobody said anything about banks? So far, nobody has said anything about why officials on a bookkeeping expedition would want to buy electronics at all.

The questions and publicity came in an awkward time for Canada's \$2-billion \$5,000 strong, nuclear-related industries, which are between major sales and suffer a short-term sales lull problem. Trade Minister Herb Gray, in hospital with a cracked kneecap, would not comment on the case, nor would Pakistan Ambassador Abdul Razvi. Montreal's Inspector Art Label believes that by the time the case comes to court in the new year, more charges will have been laid regarding previous electronics shipments to Pakistan.

Solish Elementary is considering a lawsuit against AOL estate reporter Eric Mallory, who is no stranger to hot water—he's been unmasked, but heavy-water just one day after losing in an appeal in a coast defamation battle over a New Brunswick's patronage story. Meanwhile, it looks as if Pakistanis won't need to eat grass to get their hands—but if they do, Canada, which provided the reactor coils, possibly, for power and information, may have to sit on its hands. —VAG, ROTT

crumbling in government offices also at the end of the tree-lighting parties. But there was another way of looking at it during the week the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission revealed it has signed a first-time contract with a wholesale electric company in Massachusetts to supply 100 megawatts of power from the Point Lepreau nuclear plant near Saint John. And if New Brunswickers keep giving them Christmas trees to light up, the Americans will need all that electricity—and more. —DAVID PALMER

### Tannenbaum trade more than merry

**N**ew Brunswick's first attempt at shipping Christmas trees to New England—by open railway train in 1965—was something less than a jolly success. By the time the trees arrived in Boston they were so matted with ash and soot from the steam locomotive hauling them that they were virtually unusable—even to world-beating Spruce Bros. then, though, things have changed up markedly and Christmas tree exports have become a million-dollar business for several eastern provinces, including New Brunswick. Moreover, by last week it was obvious that Maritimers have found another useful way of being active participants in the Christmas tree greening of America, by providing "advent" trees for several cities along the eastern seaboard as gestures of holiday goodwill and, not incidentally, as festive bonuses for the Maritime tourist trade.

Accordingly, Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan was in Boston last week to take part in a tree-lighting ceremony at the city's busy Presidential Center. The tree, a 55-foot high spruce, was cut at Christie Grant in Lunenburg County, N.S., and shipped to Boston on a huge flatbed truck. "It's beautiful," gushed a security guard at the scene after the thousands of lights were

# A pause in the countdown

*Soviet tanks did not roll into Poland but the Moscow may not last long*



By Peter Lavee

For a time it looked like a countdown to tragedy. The Kremlin stamped the boots on Poland's borders. The West issued stern warnings. Polish leaders talked tough to their defiant workers and ordinary Poles wanted to see whether the country's three-month-old experiment in free trade unions within a Communist society would be smothered in its crib. As the week wore on, however, the Soviet threat proved—at least for the moment—to have more bluff than substance, the West tempered its language

and Poland was handed yet another reprieve, though nobody could predict for how long.

The single event that did most to take the crisis off the boil was Friday's emergency summit in Moscow of bosses of the seven-nation Warsaw pact, including Polish Communist party chief Stanislaw Kania. The leaders expressed trust in Poland's ability to overcome its crisis alone and confidence that it would remain a strong link in Eastern Europe's Communist chain. The document also contained a pledge that Warsaw pact countries would not use force against one another. Within hours, the

**Soviet tanks, General Wojciech Jaruzelski at present Soviet threat more bluff than substance**

U.S. state department, which had swung from panic to prudence in its reading of the week's developments, gave the communists a guarded welcome.

Western observers saw it as lifting the immediate menace of armed Soviet intervention. But another phrase in the document, claiming that Poles could "rely" on the fraternal support of the Warsaw treaty countries, had an ominous ring in view of an earlier statement by a high Polish official, Josef



Wojciech Jaruzelski, emergency summit, the Polish could 'rely' on the fraternal support of the Warsaw treaty countries

Kisla, that the beleaguered government would ask other Eastern bloc countries for help if it felt the turmoil threatened socialism.

There was also an uncomfortable parallel between the Moscow summit and an emergency gathering of East Europe's Communist chiefs in Czechoslovakia on August 2, 1968. On that occasion the first announcement seemed to promise a compromise between Moscow and the government led by Alexander Dubcek. Exactly three weeks later the Warsaw pact countries marched in. All in all, however, Friday's secret parley—the first taking of it was the communiqué—was seen in the West as giving Kania a respite to quiet the unrest that has gripped his country.

The drama had begun early in the week with Western intelligence reports of Soviet military movements in the Soviet Union, East Germany and Czechoslovakia. The Kremlin took the unusual step of "duty and categorically

denying irregular military activity, but the statement seemed far outweighed by another announcement that deemed the entire 225 km East German frontier with Poland out of bounds to Western military observers. As NATO announced satellite sightings, which suggested (see map) that as many as 200,000 troops in the Soviet Union, 60,000 in East Germany and anywhere up to 20,000 in Czechoslovakia and some 100,000 in Poland, were in a state of readiness for a Soviet invasion of Poland. If they feel that the priority of communism is that country stands in jeopardy.

What do you make of the recent conflicting statements in regard to why the NATO members are wary, their defense budgets by three per cent per annum?

Falk: I don't agree with your term "non-finding statements," but I do think that because of economic difficulties some NATO nations are interpreting the three-per-cent agreement in the most conservative terms. Some accept it as a covenant, others as a goal and others as a ceiling. But the most widely heard view is simply, "We'll do our best."

Maclean's: Is Canada pulling its weight? Falk: The answer is yes if you mean the three-per-cent target, in the more general sense, however, Canada is starting from a very small base in proportion to

its wealth. In fact, the lowest in NATO with the exception of Luxembourg.

Maclean's: What indications have you received on how the new German administration will approach its role in NATO, and what will it generally expect of its allies?

Falk: My expectation is that there will be little change. The outgoing administration has been deeply concerned in NATO and quite demanding of its allies, and the new administration will be no less so.

Maclean's: Is Greece's move to replace NATO's second division in view of the current strife between Athens and Ankara?

Falk: I'm not aware of any current strife. I was in Ankara two days ago and my impression was that Turkey is generally satisfied with the return of Greece to the military structure of the alliance. In fact, the climate now seems to be just better than at any point in years to a "balanced solution" of their differences.

## Canada's man at the top

*An exclusive interview with Admiral Robert Falk*

The threat of Soviet intervention in Poland was high on the agenda of this week's NATO foreign and defense ministers gathering in Brussels. But the Pol with drama, however eye-catching, was but one of the issues to be thrashed out. Other ones: the Gulf war and Afghanistan, progress on the deployment of a new generation of nuclear missiles in Western Europe, arms limitations talks with the Kremlin and the European oiler offshoots—because of their worst economic slowdown in decades—reducing defence spending by three per cent a year after allowing for inflation.

The occasion was also a once-over for U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, Defense Secretary Harold Brown and other officials of the outgoing Carter administration. But for Canada's Robert

Falk it was an important debut. In July, the 59-year-old colonial-born, first Canadian to be named chief of the NATO military committee, the most senior post in the Atlantic Alliance. In his function, which requires monthly of proofing military advice to defense ministers, Falk's chief role was to coordinate second only to NATO Commander Bernard Rogers. Last week he gave Maclean's Brussels correspondent Peter Lavee the first interview he has granted since taking up the post.

Maclean's: Do you see an imminent danger of Soviet intervention in Poland? If it does occur, how would NATO react? Falk: The political situation changes every 24 hours or so, but as of today [Dec. 4] I'd say that the chances of

an invasion for the Russians far outweigh the advantages. NATO countries would individually react very strongly, collectively, NATO would certainly wish to take certain measures to stop with the way such an intervention developed.

Maclean's: Are you favorable to a Russian, heard in influential U.S. defense and NATO circles, that the alliance should play a role beyond its geographical frontiers?

Falk: I'm very happy, now, however, against the present NATO charter. While I'd like to see NATO react as a body towards outside events when they impact on NATO countries, I think it's highly unlikely that a consensus could be achieved within NATO on the question.

Maclean's: In the Soviet Union stepping forward as an ever more formidable adversary of the West, or do you see it as being weakened by its economic problems and external dilemmas like Afghanistan and Poland?



Falk (left), Rogers' good chessmate

Falk: I'm no doubt that the Russians, as good chess players, take the long view, and that they indeed do possess a comprehensive global strategy aimed at the eventual success of communism. Their threat is posed first in securing an equal power footing in the world with the U.S., then to eventually emerging as the dominant world power. They expect setbacks from time to time, they have

Elsewhere, the military analysts who had huffed and puffed about a troop buildup began to backtrack. There was, they admitted, no sign of Soviet tanks in forward areas.

Throughout the week, events in Poland mirrored those outside. Early on came the apoplexy of the diplomats of one man held responsible for the economic and political problems that triggered last summer's labor unrest. Rescued from both the party central committee and parliament were former party secretary Edmund Gierech (jailed in September) and two of his closest aides, ex-premiers Edward Babiuch and

Przemyslaw Glazowski. The ruling Politburo named his expelled four men identified with the old guard that had resisted co-opting with the independent trade union Solidarity, replacing them with four more acceptable members, including the controversial wartime resistance chief General Mieczyslaw Moczar.

But that was the good news. Later the Warsaw authorities, claiming that Poland was on the brink of destruction, warned that they would not yield another inch to the Union. To win the message home, the country's leading military men, who had so far remained



Rising: Solidarity is keeping its head

above the fray, gathered to consider the "tasks facing the armed forces under the circumstances." In the face of such pressure, Solidarity kept its head down. For the first time since August, there were no strikes and Union founder Lech Walesa, who claims to speak for 20 million workers, promised that no further action was planned.

The question at week's end was whether he could control the activists, emboldened by having earlier dislodged the government from apparently rock-solid positions. From the Communist party's side there was the threat on Saturday of a major crackdown on the "opponents of socialism." In each case the Union could be faced with an agonizing dilemma: whether to rise in a nationwide protest or take repression lying down. Either course might be fatal. ☐

## A blood feud near blows

While the tension on Poland's borders was still high at week's end, the heat had gone out of another threatened confrontation that had jangled nerves in Western capitals and on the gold and oil markets. After five days of angry words and missile firing, Syria's President Hafez al-Assad bowed to the urgent entreaties of two edgily assorted near neighbors and agreed to stand down gradually the 30,000 troops he had sent to his country's border with Jordan.

A variety of reasons were advanced for Assad's sudden and violent attack of peace. Among them Syria's president himself accused Jordan's King Hussein of sheltering members of the fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood and "treating them as fight me." It was generally expected, too, that Assad was angry with Hussein for insisting that the recent Arab summit should go ahead despite the tensions in the Arab camp over the Gulf war. But the main reason, diplomats in Beirut were convinced, was Assad's anger toward Hussein for backing Iraq—a hated rival for leadership of the Arab world—in the war. Assad, it is thought, reckoned that a swift move to end the road leading Jordan

with Iraq, which runs just south of the Syrian border, would serve a double purpose. Such Hussein a lesson and cut off a substantial proportion of Iraq's war supplies. It would also, however, have dramatically widened the scope of the fighting between Iraq and Iraq, possibly dragging in other Arab states and, so the worst fears went, even the superpowers.

The key players in the peace talks were two activists that had much to lose. Assad Arabs, to whose stability and prosperity the conflict posed a direct threat, and the Soviet Union, heavily engaged in Afghanistan and preoccupied with Poland, to whom the prospect of a third potential area of simultaneous conflict, and the most serious of the three, must have seemed unacceptable. So while Assad Prime Abdullah bin Abdallah shuttled between Amman and Damascus, a high-level Soviet delegation already in the Syrian capital to sign a friendship treaty—the Soviets supply Syria's \$30,000-a-month armed forces and have about 5,000 advisers in the country—was quietly but firmly withdrawing that now was not the time to settle scores. As Assad backed down—for the moment. But he has begun work with the Saudis on a list of demands, any of which could provide a pretext for future intervention. With the Gulf war smoldering and Arab rivalry as strong as ever, no one was betting that he might not back up again when the moment seemed more propitious. —SIÂN TOULAN

Prince Abdullah (left) counters with Syria a sudden and violent attack of peace



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## Slim pickings for the proletariat

It was going to be the best truck repair factory ever built. Year by year its construction surged ahead—on paper. Money changed hands, official documents piled up, contracts and steel were delivered, construction was completed, the plant opened. But when a Finnish reporter visited the site of the latest success of the socialist motherland near Leningrad, he found only a sagging local standing guard over a vacant hole in the ground. Soviet citizens, under miserably outstaged, given to their use in the official newspaper's letters column. But the sham was only the latest proof that the Soviet economy, second in size only to the American one, was floundering in a sea of red tape, shortages, transport problems and central control.

It was not surprising last week, therefore, as the Komsomol boated itself denying Western reports of Warsaw pact mobilization over Poland, that ordinary Muscovites were preoccupied with the bad economic news at home: a newly announced five-year plan (1981-85) which projected the lowest growth rates since the Second World War. It's

Write these letters for all around comfort and good looks.





The state-run GUM department store in Moscow: the short end of the stick

the age of scarcity for the Russians. They saw short of capital, labor and easily renewable resources—and they knew it.

The new guidelines, which represented political changes and economic trade-offs, included less, though still over-optimistic, targets for oil, metal and grain and made it clear that the long-suffering Soviet consumer would continue to get the worst end of the stick. The plans called for production of consumer goods to rise by 27 to 29 per cent by 1990, but few observers thought that possible, particularly since defense spending, not mentioned in the plan but currently an estimated 12 to 13 per cent of GNP, will keep rising.

Although the Soviet Union is the world's largest oil producer, oilpots have been slowing due to shortages of labor, drills and new wells, despite last week's uncontrolled report of the discovery of the world's largest field in western Siberia. Indeed, production, at 11.72 million barrels a day, is scheduled to rise by only one per cent a year in the next five years. So, too, with meat. Soviet consumers, who normally eat half as much per head as Americans, say supplies have never been so scarce and, with feed grain supplies down 15 per cent in the past year, the projected meat production targets of 17 to 17.5 million tons annually (the current figure is about 15 million tons) look optimistic. So do grain production targets of 228 to 245 million tons, in view of this year's disappointing harvest, 185 million tons.

Perhaps as a result of the ease of the phasing factory, the most realistic goals seem to have been set in the area of housing. The guidelines call for 19% to 20% per cent, but only 20 per cent was achieved. This year around, the figure is a cautious 28 to 30 per cent. Projects might improve.

—KEITH CHILKOT

## Portugal A nation's dreams are dashed

Little more than 48 hours before Sunday's critical presidential election, Portuguese Premier Francisco Sá Carneiro headed north to the port wine centre of Oporto. It was home territory, for he had practised there as a lawyer for 20 years. But the mercurial 46-year-old leader with a taste for confrontation and fiery lan-

guage to roll back measures introduced after the revolution—appeared certain to be leading in some polls by a 2 to 1 margin. The candidate backed by Sá Carneiro and 30a Democrática Aliança, General Spínola Cardoso, had too many links with the authoritarian years of dictatorship to be a popular choice.

Still no one was suggesting that Sá Carneiro's loss, and that of the agitated da Costa, recently a prime mover in attempting to modernize the army and take it out of politics, was a suitable price to pay for such a let-off. Indeed, although Sá Carneiro was reported to be urgently seeking to name a suc-



Sá Carneiro and mistress, Spínola Cardoso (above), potential successor Diogo Freitas do Amaral (right), and crash site: a taste for confrontation



crage never made it. Just after takeoff from Lisbon airport, his light aircraft mysteriously struck a hillside, plunged to earth and exploded. With Sá Carneiro perished his Danish mistress, Spínola Cardoso, Defence Minister Adolfo Amaro da Costa, five others—and many of the hopes for stable government of a country that has suffered turbulent times since the 1974 revolution.

Sá Carneiro's death shocked the country. That he precipitated an crisis by crashing his plane was not the only reason. He had vowed to quit if his better opponent, President Ramalho Eanes, was re-elected. Eanes—the true leader of the opposition, as the prime minister labelled him for consistently block-

ing, none of the possible candidates could equal the charisma or credentials of the dead premier.

Active in politics before the revolution, Sá Carneiro had pushed in vain for reforms in the parliament that former dictators Antonio Salazar and Marcello Caetano used as a rubber stamp. When Caetano went, Sá Carneiro formed a new Marxist party, later to become the Social Democratic, and campaigned vigorously against military control and for a democratic republic.

Since the Alliance gained power a year ago, inflation had been reduced and a measure of industrial peace restored. But the real battle lay ahead. Determined to eradicate Marxism from

the constitution and unable to command the two-thirds parliamentary majority required, Sá Carneiro proposed to hold a referendum—a move that Eanes would certainly have vetoed. So the premier's death may lessen tension there, too.

One of the chief enemies of Sá Carneiro was that he deliberately polarized national politics. However, Portugal's struggle back from the abyss of dictatorship has been long and difficult and the loss of the symbol of conservative hopes in a country that only last October showed its underlying conservatism at the polls could have disastrous consequences.

—DAVID BAIRD

## Australia Score one for the ferrets

It was 12:45 in the morning when Australian High Court Judge Sir Anthony Mason issued the injunction sought by the federal government. By then, the premises of *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *Melbourne's The Age* had already run off most of their first editions carrying extracts from a book of confidential defense department papers. But many of the two paper's 300,000 readers found only a black smudge the headline: HOW THE AMERICAN ALLIANCE REALLY WORKS and the words "Report on this page stopped by High Court injunction early today."

Canada's legal victory that night appeared so iron to break a sequence of disclosures of government secrets over the past year, notably the leaking of the *Intelligence Agency* where a leak brought down in a later decision last week, however, Justice Mason was less accommodating. Lifting the ban on the *American Alliance* article, he commented that it was "unacceptable" that

*The Age* "concealed faces in Canberra

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There should be restraint on the publication of official information "when the only view of that information is that it enables the public to criticize government action."

Nevertheless, the government still held onto most of its game. Mason refused to remove the gag on two follow-up articles, accepting the official evidence that there was prima facie evidence of infringement of copyright. On the same grounds, he extended the request on the publication or further distribution of the book, *Documents of Australian Defence and Foreign Policy, 1968-73*, compiled by journalists Richard Walsh and George Munster from papers the government claimed were stolen and provided to Hong Kong.

The book deals notably with the Australian-New Zealand-United States (ANZUS) Treaty and Australia's rela-



Flusser: an attempt to gag the press

tions with Indonesia during the lead-up to Jakarta's December, 1975, invasion of East Timor. It also contains pay-off, official profiles of Southeast Asian leaders, among them Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, described as an albatross who keeps himself aloof from his people as well as a hypochondriac and nonsmoker who allows nobody to smoke in his presence.

The passage of time may have dulled the sensationalism of these disclosures, but the East Timor revelations were potentially embarrassing Jakarta Ambassador Dick Wootton wanted, as his cable home said, to "show private understanding in Indonesia... though we do not want to become apologetic." Far from being that, the new government of conservative Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser was in the forefront of nations that called on Jakarta to withdraw its forces, and Australia's relations with its southern neighbor are only beginning to recover. Secretary of Foreign Affairs Peter Henderson admitted in court last week that fear of causing further offense was the major reason for the attempt to suppress the documents. Justice Mason, however, said Henderson may have attached too much importance to the fact that they were classified.

—PHILIP GIBSON

## U.S.A.

# Another strand in an unending mystery

## FBI disputes theory that two gunmen fired at J.F.K.

By Michael Posner

Etched indelibly in memory, the presidential motorcade crawls through downtown Dallas, past throngs of cheering patriots. At Elm Street, it negotiates a busy turn, the perfect target for an ambush. In right second—the most controversial seconds in American history—it is over: John F. Kennedy has been slain.

But 17 years after the event, the world still does not know with certainty who murdered the 34th president of the United States, or why. The confusion of the 1964 Warren Commission—that it was the work of a sole malcontent, Lee Harvey Oswald—in now replicated by almost everyone who has researched the case. In the intervening years, dozens of theories have been advanced, ranging from the CIA, the FBI, the Mafia, the KGB, pro-Castro Cubans, anti-Castro Cubans, Texas oil barons and the victims of the far right. Every publishing season, it seems, yields fresh speculations, which in turn engender still more analyses, critiques, speculations. The Kennedy assassination has become a growth industry.

When the publicity train is rolling, will Congress be far behind? In 1979, relying on scientific analysis of acoustical evidence—a motorcycle policeman's microphone recording of radio trans-



Wales and Aschkenasy (right), mobile shot of assassination (below), artist's conception (far right), growth industry

the House Select Committee on Assassinations concluded that Kennedy was probably assassinated as a result of a conspiracy. "Last week, the FBI issued a belated rebuttal—a 23-page report disputing the earlier evidence. And the committee's analysis did not scientifically prove that a gunshot was fired by a second gunman from the grassy knoll area of Dealey Plaza." Therefore, argued the FBI, the committee's finding of a high probability that two gunmen fired at Kennedy is invalid.

The House evidence was presented in the fall of 1978 by Sen. Birch Bayh and Sen. Frank Lautenberg, a Boston-based firm that previously examined the infamous 34-minute gap in the Nixon White House tapes, and by two City University of New York scientists, Mark Wynn and Ernest Aschkenasy. Analyzing the Dealey Plaza sound recordings and signals into a visual wave form and discovered four noise patterns markedly different from motorcycle sounds consistent with



those typically created by gunshots and occurring at approximately the same time as shots rang out on Nov. 22, 1963. After comparing predicted sub-decay patterns with images created by the Dealey Plaza, the New York scientists determined with a probability of 95 per cent that a gunshot-like sound came from the grassy knoll.

The FBI's review of these conclusions, performed by its own Technical Services Division, disputes that the key sound patterns necessarily originated in Dealey Plaza. Because other sounds, notably what sounds like carillon bells heard seven seconds after the last gunshot, presumably originated elsewhere, the assumed gunshot sounds may have as well. To further discredit the committee's evidence, the FBI analyzed a gunshot recorded during the November, 1979, confrontation in Greenhouse between the Ku Klux Klan and the Communist Workers Party. Using the same methods as Wynn and Aschkenasy, the bureau found with the same probability of 95 per cent that the sound patterns matched those of the Dallas Dealey Plaza. In short, the report denies the theory of who were ungunshots, and with it the conclusion that noise patterns generated in Dealey Plaza were in fact gunshots.

Predictably, the House committee scientists rejected the FBI's case and said they would issue a point-by-point analysis early in the new year. Said Dr. Frank Jackson, a vice vice-president: "The FBI did not understand our technique. They made no attempt to discuss our work with us. We are firmly convinced our findings are logically and scientifically correct."

It is not over, it is never over. The National Academy of Sciences is now conducting yet another acoustical study. In Texas, British author Michael Edgewood is trying to persuade a court of appeal to open the grave site of Lee



Harvey Oswald, it is Edgewood's contention that the Oswald who defected to the Soviet Union in October, 1959, and the Oswald who returned to America in June, 1962, were two different men—the latter a KGB assassin sent to murder Kennedy. Examination of the skeleton, he says, will prove it. Another Englishman, journalist Anthony Summers, suggests in a recent book, *Conspiracy*, that Oswald was working for American intelligence and may have been set up as the patsy by elements of organized crime and by anti-Castro CIA officers frustrated by J.F.K.'s handling of the Bay of Pigs fiasco. And as 80,000-word article published last month by *The Washington Post* magazine revealed, one prominent Cuban exile now Oswald in Dallas with a man thought to be David Atlee Phillips, a former CIA case officer. Like mysterious swarms, these threads are endless—endless threads in search of the impossible truth.

## Shooting political stars

Were it not such a serious business, the selection of Ronald Reagan's cabinet could almost be a diverting entertainment. The president-elect has been escorted in California, attending to positions on his ranch, and his transition team has been in Washington, sorting out the difference between real cabinet material and a day's worth of good headlines. Daily, a newly married man is shown into the map, daily, another name is mysteriously withdrawn from the cartage. Like even tossed into the air for sharpshooters, the Reagan cabinet is being subjected to a thorough public vetting before any official announcements are made. Those who survive the grave fire scrubbed, or reasonably intact, will likely be rewarded for their durability.

The experts have already leveled some early favorites, among them William French Buckley, attorney under President Nixon and Ford. Buckley has been touted for a return to his former post, Strom aggressively sought his own appointment, only to encounter stiff criticism from former colleagues, who viewed him as too abrasive and authoritarian for the upcoming environment. Reagan aims to create. This week, the critics found a new target—former NATO commander and Alaska chief of staff, Alexander Haig, rumored to be Reagan's top choice for secretary of state. Respected by European leaders and praised for his handling of the White House during the last days of Nixon's presidency, Haig is also remembered as the man who, on Henry Kissinger's



Smith (top), Weinberger, tossed coin

for's behalf, asked the FBI to wiretap government employees and journalists a decade ago, and who helped frustrate special prosecutor Louis J. Brandeis during his Watergate (investigation).

At the same time, several cabinet portfolios are now locked up, including the CIA (William J. Casey), defense (Casper "Cap" Weinberger), attorney-general (William French Buckley, Reagan's personal attorney), transportation (Newt Gingrich, vice-chairman of the Republican national committee), and the office of management and budget (Nicholas Congressional David Stockman).

But while Reagan prepared last week for a five-day visit to New York and Washington, his two most sensitive secretaries—state and treasury—remained unforfeited. In the late second giving, Haig is still considered the front-runner for state. At treasury, the transition team is now seeing Donald Regan, chairman of the board of Merrill Lynch Inc. The final choices will probably be made and announced soon—when part the design can dispense with target practice and begin firing in earnest.

—M.P.



"Both *Gavin* and *The Fury* were horror films, but I didn't make a conscious effort to make my debut with them. I'm not a horror fan at all," says Amy Irving, 27, who transmogrified her gothic look by *Gavin's* north-western band-together-a-dread-brother-in-fallen and a *Willa Nelson* groupie in *Horror* *Movie* *Man*. This month, Irving can be seen in a truly movie-breaking role as a recent patient fighting for sanity harassed by Richard Gere in *The Competition*. In her next role, however, Irving may reject the ranks of such "virgins of women" as *Julia* *Lee* *Curtis* and *Nancy* *Allen*. In Canada, she has been talking to producer Guy Bille about a project. The working title is *Tipton* and it's about magicians and dwarfs.

This year's Academy Awards are shaping up to be a Canadian affair. So far, *Jack Nicholson*'s laudable performance in the Canadian-made *Runaway Train*, *Caroline* *Kerr*, *Out-Back* *Stella*'s *Thelma* in being highly touted for the Best Actor Oscar, with five or six other nominations expected. The biggest Canadian coup, however, is that award-winning director *Norman* *Jewison* has agreed to produce the ceremonies, following in the footsteps of *Jack* *Wade* *Jr.* and *William* *Friedkin*. "It's like having a car off a cliff, because anything can happen," explains Jewison, who will not be paid for his efforts. The last live television show Jewison directed was a *Judy* *Garland* special in 1969, and he is looking forward to the action. "After all, the only other live show that's this live" is the *Super Bowl*.

"I still say I'm the best salesman I know," claims former Conservative and former Liberal cabinet mem-



Warner: Jack was every inch a tailor

ber Jack Warner. Having failed twice to sell himself to Tory Alberta voters, after 21 years in Parliament the Progressive member has taken to selling his political memoirs, *My Own Brand*, and telling stories that didn't make it between the covers. "They say there are three things which can get a politician: power, house and women," he says. "But Jordan is the worst. I was so frustrated in the early '80s that I started to sell suits in my office." With catalogues from a Montreal dealer and his own measuring tape, he would peddle the threads on Parliament Hill. "I think I sold about 17, but I didn't make any money."

"I have never forgotten the voice of the man I heard singing to his child in the hospital 15 years ago," says Ottawa singer and children's story-teller *Barbara* *Pearl*. Much later she discovered the voice belonged to present Transport Minister *Jean-Luc* *Paulin*, who makes his singing debut on Pearl's se-



Irving (top left) and Warner with his wife and daughter at his Montreal residence

cond album. One party a David, Pearl, 56, shows a grandfather's fondness in a tale about a rocking chair that starts to tick. "We had to tell him to make his voice more shaky," explains Pearl. "He has such a young-sounding voice."

After *Bernad* *Borgman*, 58, won an Oscar for *Maria*, his first leading role where he played an ugly brawler, he became one of the least likely leading actors on record. With his freckled frowns and chiding teeth he played slob-like bunnies in westerns and *Bernad* *Borgman* in *From* *Here* to *There*. But Borgman's career began in the theatre and, after 30 years in movies, he is returning to it as a one-man show slated for Broadway, *Mulholland*. "It's a comedy-drama disquisition on life in the United States," explains Borgman. "I play a fictional Mafia character, *Salvatore* *Bottempo*, as well as the rules of Bottempo's son and father." To help him memorize his lines, Borgman will have a doctor hypnotize him a first for him. "Yes, I know," reflects the actor. "I've proven that we use only one-eighth of our brains. Maybe the good doctor will help me to use at least one-half of mine."

"Congress is a world of things that can't be touched. The drug habits, the drinking problems, the extraneous, the boy-friends, the broken homes, what that," says *Pete* *Jacorette*, a 38-year-old former model who gained more insight into the congressional profile as the wife of South Carolina Congressman *John* *Jacorette*. In a *Washington Post* magazine story titled *The Diary of a Mad Congresswoman*, Jaco-

rette conducts a personal expose of the difficulties that accompany political office. "Every congressional wife learns there is something about a congressman that brings worse out of the worst work. If he's young, handsome and flirtatious, trained attack dogs won't be able to keep them away. I know, I tried," Jacorette says she "knew the honeymoon was over" when her husband failed to ruffle the sheets one night and she found him "drunk, dressed and lying on the floor in the arms of a woman who I knew was old enough to be his mother." These revelations may be of small solace to Jacorette's husband, who is currently appealing a bribery and conspiracy conviction in the Abscon scandal, and was found guilty of violating the House of Representatives' code of ethics last week. However, Washington land-

words, perhaps, but Jacorette will have to find himself a seat in the legislature before he can enter the fray successfully. The house is in *Washco*, the constituency held by *Barry* *Stu* *Wilson*, who was recently sentenced to seven years in jail for conspiring to import marijuana. While Wilson awaits his appeal, Liberal says are searching the rules to see whether a member can simultaneously hold office and serve time.

"I've the outpouring and butterfly syndrome. I had gone so far as I could as the outpouring *Andy* *Kin*, and something else, like a butterfly, but to evolve," says the new *Baron* *Lampshade*, who, in *Stinger* *Kin* reached the charts a few years ago with *Sugar*, *Sugar* and *Rock* *Me* *Grilly*. Then at the peak of his



The Jacorettes: turning off for appeal



ers speculate that the congressman's article, and a potential picture spread for *Playboy*, may be part of a valiant attempt to raise the money to pay for her husband's appeal.

The band played *Hold That Tiger*, but the mood was more *Get That Tiger*, last weekend when *Manitoba's* Liberal party filed a 31-month-old leadership vend with United Church minister *Clay* *Lauchlin*. The party, which holds only one seat provincially, had been led under nose *Charles* *Hebert* until he became a *Manitoba* *Court* of *Appeal* judge. As he accepted the \$36,500-a-year job before such Liberal work as *Employment* *Minister* *Lloyd* *Andrews*, *Irma* *Kassir*, *Senator* *Cliff* *Mac* *pat* and *Mr* *Bob* *Brinkman*, *Lauchlin* attached *Proton* *Starline*, *Lauchlin*'s absence to Alberta, regarding the *Manitoba* symbol be changed from a buffalo to a trade mark similar to *Stu* *Victor's*, "with *Stirling* *laurels* in the *Peter* *phone*" instead of a *Victrola* *figuring*



Lampshade: his second childhood

career, he stepped forward and went into a cocoon in his L.A. apartment and emerging that year with a new name and a second-debut album. The name was the suggestion of agent *Gordon*

*Mills*, the man credited with christening *Tom* *Jones* and *Engelbert* *Humpaloot*. "I even looked in some of those baby-namer books and found out that it was all right to call someone *Baron*," says *Longfellow*. "Of course, my mother in *Manitoba* will always call me *Andy*."

On the set of Swedish seven-year-old director *Mal* *Zetterling's* offering in the Canadian women's anthology *Five* *Love*, the most often-quoted question may well have been "Is it a man?" Is it a woman? Or is it *Superfly*? In fact, the creature most resembling *Richard*



Michael: resembling Richard Pryor

*Pryor* in party gear was otherwise blonde and white. *Ann* *Marshall*, who donned black face and stoneware pants to explore the pores of her character—a Halloween prep "They wanted me to write the music, but I had this screenplay idea going," says *Michael*, who wrote the 15-minute segment after she selected the music, an odd combination of cool *Miles* *Davis* and *Kinky* *Dave*. In the future, *Michael* says she plans to direct, rather than act. More traditional fans can view her jazz-belt staging on a CBC special in February in which she performs as herself live and in concert. —EDITED BY *MARIEA* *SCOTT*

# Making Canada work

The search for an industrial strategy

By Gillian Mackay

**A** pungent grumpy odor seeps in from the dimly lit workshop. Inside the adjoining coffee room, workers sporting blue caps with red maple leaf emblems are seated at wooden benches, talking and playing cards. A nearby notice board reads: "A nearby notice board reads: 'On this Friday 23rd, it's no more reminder that Friday, Feb. 23, is less than two months away. On that cloudy day Maple Leaf Mills will close its an-

characterized by high inflation and little improvement in demand or productivity. During the panel's annual meeting, Robinson called it "an economic crisis that we are fully understanding." The resulting cry for action is that Canada's federal industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Herb Gray would love to answer—and yet the ambitious plans endorsed by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau just before his February election victory are now stalled. At stake is nothing less than the industrial future of Canada—in short, whether and where its citizens will be working 10 or 20 years from now. Says Gray: "I feel we are at a vital crossroads for the Canadian economy. The opportunities of the 1980s are there for us, if we are ready to take advantage of them."

If Canada suffers from a general economic decline, it has also managed to develop a prodigious strain of its own. Says one of the panel's members, "The problem began 100 years ago when Sir John A. Mac-

donald succumbed to pressure from central Canadian manufacturers and evicted the high tariff barriers that protected in the western and eastern provinces to this day. Over the walls were put, a continued colonial mentality hard in foreign manufacturers, leaving Canada with a mere 46-per-cent ownership of its own manufacturing. The lowering of its industrialized nation in the world."

Worse, the same protective walls are now starting to come down, hastened by the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) meetings of 1979, to suppose an industrial structure that still bears the imprint of a 19th-century, fragmented, inefficient and unworlding. Employment is concentrated in low-technology industries such as textiles and clothing, footwear, furniture, appliances and food processing, many of which are crumbling under aggressive



import competition from low-wage Third World countries in the electrical and electronics industry, hard hit by declining production of Canadian-made televisions and radios, employment has fallen to 133,000 in 1980 from 185,000 in 1974. In Ontario, 25,000 jobs were lost because of plant closings in the first nine months of 1980. Low jobs, in combination with declining productivity and insufficient investment in new plants and machines, is a sure recipe for industrial decline. That decline is best illustrated in the upward surge in the trading deficit. For fully manufactured goods it hit \$11 billion in 1979. The loss of share of both domestic and foreign markets, despite the advantage of a declining dollar after 1976, are particularly disturbing at a time when Canada must compete more vigorously in a world of slower growth, increased protectionism, and the possible shrinkage of a key employer, the automobile industry.

The difficulties are enormous, but so are the opportunities for reindustrialization in the energy sector, investment through the 1980s in conservatively estimated to be \$250 billion—triple that of the past 30. Further selective strengths in telecommunications and transportation, for example, can be capitalized on, and the emergence of a petrochemical industry in Alberta and the burgeoning of an ocean industry in the Atlantic provinces, also represent a much-needed industrial deconcentration.

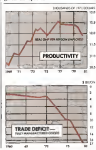
The marble floors of the West Block of the Parliament buildings were wet with slush from the blizzard outdoors

On his way from a caucus meeting to his office last Wednesday morning, Herb Gray slipped and cracked his knee, an accident that has landed him in the hospital for a week and in a falling cast for five more. Gray's immobilized condition is an apt, if sorry, metaphor for his position within the cabinet. Daged, strapped and disoriented to parliament, Gray has a sense of urgency about his mission: "Depending on the sector, we have anywhere from several months to several years to put the right policies in operation," he says.

But Gray's mission is not shared by his colleagues. He is isolated within the cabinet, flanked on one side by the indifference, shared among them Trudeau, and on the other by free-enterprisers, such as Treasury Board President Donald Johnston and Minister of State for Economic Development Rod Olson, who oppose his authoritarian and interventionist. Gray says a "framework document" on industrial strategy should appear by early next year. Certain programs, such as research and development incentives or aid for auto industry restructuring, would be announced soon. Richard French, a professor of public policy at McGill University and author of *Five Orbits Denied*, says "The cabinet is very much preoccupied with the constitution and money. I doubt that there will be any movement on Gray's major proposals for another 12 to 18 months—and even then he may not get what he wants."

What Gray has asked for is a massive increase in federal industrial \$9.75 billion over the next four years, on top

of the \$1 billion already budgeted—to nurture industries picked by government in high-growth sectors—nuclear power, aerospace, oil and gas equipment, urban transit, electronics and health-care products. Also advocated in a leaked document presented to cabinet in July were export assistance, stricter performance standards for foreign corporations and a phasing out of protective measures for the textile, clothing and footwear industries. Gray's hopes of directing a Cdn B De Mile-scale production, however, were given no specific endorsement in the



budget. A Western Development Fund of \$4 billion was announced for infrastructure improvements to railroads, ports and pipelines. Although it is not explicitly targeted yet, Gray says there is also "several billions in there for industrial development." Investors are skeptical, saying that if this stimulus is made at all it will be on a very low budget.

Gray's so-called "winners and losers" plan, an industrial policy in modified after the planned economies of Japan and Western Europe. Of course, the federal government has always picked winners and losers in allocating grants and development funds, but in deficit and deficit rather than broad strokes. Gray argues that the broad strokes are necessary to compete in a world where, for example, Britain puts \$500 billion into developing its microelectronics industry compared with Canada's \$50 million. The reform of designated industries has worked best in Japan, where there is a strong consensus among business, government and labor centered with a little interest for weak or dying industries. A similar strategy in Britain, on the other hand, where there is neither such a consensus nor ruthlessness, has tended to produce what some call "heron industries"—leading to such disasters in British Steel and British Leyland.

The problem of picking is compounded if the losers in the industry go. Says panelist and National economist Marie-Josée Brunet: "Everyone wants growth without pain and that is not possible." In Canada, industrial support has often made more palatable than economic reality. In the case of the textile industry (see box), the willingness to bail out Chrysler and Massey. Now that late-1980s Sydney Steel in Nova Scotia is pleading for further subsidies of \$50 million over the next 10 years, in addition to forgiveness of \$300 million in government-backed loans, it will be hard to say to the federal government has shown some upstate for picking winners. Consider and de-fund it are two examples (see box, page 40). National intervention to nurture a home-grown satellite industry under a state-owned monopoly, Telcel, has also fostered weak money-losing companies like Spar Aerospace. Despite such facts, if Gray's theory of the need for intervention is correct, it is better to help winners and prop up losers, than no winners at all.

The favorite winners in industrialized countries today are high-technology firms with the fast growth, new products and employment of highly skilled people. High-tech buffs argue



Maple Leaf flour mill: Friday the 23rd

PHOTO BY GILLIAN MACKAY



that low-cost imports and technological advances will gradually kill off much of Canada's low technology industry, which in 1975 accounted for 48 per cent of employment, compared with less than 10 per cent for high technology. Says Charles Millar, assistant vice-president of Northern Telecom: "We are crony to sit while jobs are disappearing. Unless we do something, we will be taking in one another's washing for a living."

Canada's spending on research and development (R&D) has dropped from a peak of 1.38 per cent of Gross National Product in 1967 to 0.8 per cent, a performance "slightly better than that of Egypt," says John Shepherd, a former vice-chairman of the Science Council of Canada. The job performance is commonly blamed on the branch plant structure, although this could be changing (see page 43). Government support for research is only 11 per cent in Canada, compared with 25 per cent in



Electronics's Polaris export to survive

France and 37 per cent in the United States. Gray therefore favors a massive boost for R&D in the form of direct grants and loans, modelled after the highly successful Defense Industries Productivity program. Business generally prefers the less bureaucratic approach of tax incentives.

Special support of a different kind may be needed for fledgling ventures. Michael Cleveland, president of Mitel Corp., an Ottawa information systems firm, says tax incentives similar to those offered to film investors would be welcome for high-tech entrepreneurs. "Sense drive and imagination could really put Canada on the map. Otherwise it will remain a lot of a backwater." Montreal economist and Montreal's parliament Bernard Bouché cautions against a federal pursuit of high technology in industries where Canada has a comparative advantage, arguing rather that we should build on resource strengths—for example, doing more fish processing, building more mining machinery and developing cold-climate technology.

There are, however, technological developments that Canada cannot afford to ignore. One is the micro-processing, the tiny electronic brain that is revolutionizing everything from fish trawlers to office equipment. Although chips could wipe out entire industries and cut

## Up, up and away

"There goes North York," says John Sandford, president of de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd., watching from his modest office in North Toronto as the freshly painted Dash 7 takes off for a test flight. The 38-meter plane, the third to emerge custom-built from the de Havilland hangar since the plane went into production in 1976, is one of two destined for Yvonne Airways. The hangars are crisscrossed with Dash 7s in various stages of production, but the earliest delivery date is a new order in still September, 1982. Today's brisk pace, with 90 more ordered, provides a sharp contrast to the troubled period of just two years ago when Sandford was brought in to turn de Havilland around.

The takeoff of the Dash 7 is only part of the resurgence of the Canadian aerospace industry, which all but died in 1969 when John DeHavilland cancelled the Avro Arrow fighter plane. Determined not to repeat the mistake, the Liberal government bought de Havilland in 1974 from its British parent. Similarly, the federal purchase in 1976 of Canadian Ltd. from U.S.-owned General Dynamics freed that company to pursue the development of its highly advanced (440 mph) Challenger jet. Revived by spin-offs from these projects and by subsidy assistance from the federal Defense Industries Productivity (DIP) program, sales in the aerospace industry have grown to \$2 billion in 1980 from \$640 million in 1974. Employ-



Sandford, finding a niche in the world

ment has grown beyond the peak aerospace production to 42,800 from 20,000 in the same period. From Pratt and Whitney's turbo-prop engines, to Garrett Manufacturing's temperature-control systems, to MacDonell Detweiler's weather image processors, the industry's moment is based on finding a niche in world markets for its research-intensive products.

The expectation that the aerospace industry could quadruple its sales by 1986, however, are being threatened by a lack of government funding. The industry is healthy, but its high research costs and long payback period make government grant support a necessary part of staying competitive in world markets. According to Jacques DesRoches, president of the Air Industries

Association, this is an accepted fact among governments supporting aerospace industries in different countries around the world. Yet in Canada this year the DIP program is severely cramped, and even a budget increase for 1980 to \$66 million from \$40 million fails to meet industry demand for \$200 million. Two Toronto-based companies, Spar Aerospace and TRT Fastener Corp., have reported losses stemming from the failure of promised DIP funds to come through. DeRoche says that money spent on R&D has produced a "terrible return to the government in the form of money taxes, and should be increased," he says. "Unless we do get support, projects are not going to develop, or else they will leave the country in the long run, it is that simple. If we don't have our opportunities now, we will lose the race."

—C. M.

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## Despite the critics mills still hum

In Victorian red-brick exterior evokes visions of the cotton mill, weaving where workers toil and choke in a swirl of wayward fibre. But inside Dominion Textile Inc.'s 60-year-old plant in Drummondville, Que., the weaving looms and spinning machines clatter and whirl on their own like some invisible giant ship steaming through the night. The five bunnies trundling the shifty hardwood bobbins are mere owners to the mechanical millworkers. This mill and the city that grew up around it belie the notion of Quebec's textile industry as a industry whose whims collapse in imminent. Though such ruin would surely arouse about Canada suddenly alleviate its barriers of tariffs and import quotas, Dominion Textile and Drummondville have proved that the industry and the towns that it supports can adapt and survive if they are managed gently rather than pushed from the protective nest. Just three years ago, employment at the plant had dropped from the 1,200 workers of a generation ago to 530. But then, guaranteed some defence against imports by Canada's complex textile policy, the Montreal-based multinational spent \$14 million converting the old mill to the production of top-quality denim. Now, the payroll has nudged back up to 650 as the mill's 600 looms pound away around the clock.

There is no hope, and even less desire, that textile production will again be-

come the mainstay of Drummondville, where 5,000 jobs have disappeared over the past 30 years as a result of mechanization and cheap imports. Drummondville has diversified and although the mills remain the largest employer they account for just 12 per cent of the total job force compared to 58 per cent in 1961.

The shift from textiles isn't quick enough for some of the industry's enemies. There are consumer leaders, for example, who believe clothing prices would drop if tariff protection was lifted, there are the risk-averse economists who argue any protection would erode the industrial structure, finally, there are friends of the underdeveloped countries who worry that Canadian textile workers are taking jobs from Asian and African. Montreal's U.S.-oriented C.D. Howe Research Institute urges an abandonment of the Canadian textile industry, saying short production runs and relatively high wage rates (average annual pay is \$15,000) make Canada an inefficient place to produce. In July, Ottawa's North-South Institute published an even harsher indictment by Harvard University economist Glenn Jenkins, who calculated that last year protectionist policies cost Canadian consumers \$407 million in higher clothing prices.

Nonetheless, replies the industry, imported clothing would cost more if protection is dropped. Without the competition of Canadian-made clothing in the stores, import prices would rise to what the market would bear. The fact is that the Canadian clothes store is far from dead—and perhaps it's time to stop flogging it.

—DAVID THOMAS

Railway Star (left), Gray (top), Grey-packing winners and losers, tailing cost

employment in clerical jobs, Canada has only one commercial producer, Nette, and has taken more "bally steps" to support the industry, says Ontario Minister of Industry and Tourism Larry Grossman. "The technological revolution will happen. It's really a question of where we will be—out in front or dragging behind."

Inadequate R&D spending goes hand in hand with Canada's poor export performance of fully manufactured goods. Technological superiority will play an increased role in capturing the world markets that domestic manufacturers will need to survive.

The one company that has made the switch in Richardson-based Electronics Limited, which almost folded in the mid-1970s when Fair Eastern imports toppled its domestic radio and television business. Drawing on its knowledge of television sets, Electronics developed video display systems for airports, and is one of the suppliers to Twicken, the federally developed two-way video system. Exports of consumer products have grown from three per cent of sales in 1975 to 20 per cent in 1980. Says Chairman John Pollock: "Those companies that aren't trying to export are courting disaster."

The frequent complaint that government does not do enough to help was echoed in the 1979 Hatch Commission report on exports. Canada ranked near the bottom in terms of support given to exports by industrialized countries. As a result of that commission's recom-

## Only in Canada?

Dick Campbell is a flexible mountaineer of a man. He tends to talk in equally grand phrases—"our optimal product interface for weathering a cyclical market downturn"—and the like—but it's these words, or at least the concepts behind them, that are helping to keep more than 1,000 people in steady jobs in the small eastern Canadian city of Brockville. Campbell, a 45-year-old American, is president of Black & Decker Canada Inc., the Brockville-based subsidiary of a 70-year-old U.S. multinational corporation and the world's largest manufacturer of home-use power tools. It's part of the general pattern of foreign investment activity responsible for the present-day development of the Canadian economy.

In the case of Black & Decker, there's a difference—one that economists and assembly-line workers alike recognize as providing a greater benefit to Can-



Workmate: a better kind of branch plant

ada than the typical "branch plant" system. By adopting a corporate strategy known as "world product manufacturing," B&D—along with a select group of U.S. multinationals operating in Canada including Worthington Canada, General Manufacturing, Litton Systems Canada, the Canada and Xerox of Canada—has incorporated to permit the Canadian subsidiary to develop unique products, for sale both in Canada and around the world.



Alberta's Promise (left), Cowpound at Miter sharp rebuild, drive and imagination

vestments, a federal export review committee is now being formed. Says Paul Seabey, president of Winnipeg-based Versatile Manufacturing, a successful exporter of four-wheel-drive tractors: "We are on the way to having an export expert."

But before Canada can marvel its fates in world markets, it must meet the demands at home. Examples of the balkanization of the economy—where each province pursues a separate neighbor policy—abound: each province has explicit or implicit preferential procurement policies for its own goods, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland enact preferential buying policies in oil and gas, Quebec refuses to allow an out-of-province firm to purchase Credit Foncier, Alberta tries to reduce exports from Ontario. Some progress was made last summer when provinces agreed to form a common market in medical and health-care supplies. The aim is to find markets for as many as 100 products.

The country is at an attempt to reduce the

70-per-cent share of imports in a \$1.2-billion annual market. But Larry Grossman's approach this year to the Alberta government on behalf of Ontario manufacturers for a greater share of supplying the oil and gas industry has been sharply rebuffed. Says Alberta Minister of Economic Development Hugh Fleck: "For him to raise our head and announce his big ideas as if he's already doing all the things he's been imagining. We have an open market."

Balkanization has arisen partly from a vacuum at the level of federal industrial policy. The heightened antagonism between Ontario and the West over energy policy makes it imperative that what may be Canada's first strong industrial strategy does not divide the country even further. Gray argues that his proposed industrial benefits legislation will ensure maximum Canadian participation in the energy boom and will reward all regions. But much of the Gray medicine is aimed at curing dem-

In the 12 years since the local management of 540 Canadian-owned firms to grant it world rights to produce the company's original under, the subsidiary has increased plant capacity fivefold, sales have increased by nearly 25 per cent a year and staff has been increased to include 34 full-time design engineers. The company has gone on to develop several other new products for worldwide distribution—including the popular Workmate handyman's bench—and export sales now account for 45 per cent of the Canadian company's production. "We're aiming to improve our efficiency to work," explains Campbell, "that at the end of the day when tariffs come down, we will be able to compete in world markets as a way of making sure our own services in the Canadian market as well."

As tariffs drop over the next eight years, many multinationals may find it cheaper to eliminate Canadian branch plants and concentrate production in the U.S. World manufacturing is one key way of dealing with risk. Both Ontario's Herb Gray and Ontario's Larry Grossman are considering ways of forcing multinationals to make this Canadian-content commitment—for example, by enacting Foreign Investment Review Agency review to require performance standards for companies already foreign-owned, or by drafting Canadian investment policies.

But there's always a catch. Ironically, if world manufacturing is too successful, domestic manufacturers could hinder the development of senior skills and technology by truly Canadian companies. World manufacturing isn't the ideal solution, but in an economy where non-Canadian companies are a fact of life at least a bit of protection against the risks of plant closures and outright expropriation.

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM

Industrialization, which is primarily a central Canadian phenomenon, has taken its economic market muscle to westerners of the hated century-old tariff system. Gray insists that "there is no benefit to the West, in spite of all its wealth, if Ontario and Quebec decline." Vice versa from a westerner from Windsor, Ont., but it has not penetrated the West. One O.C. trade official summed up the mood when he said: "Look, people in the West are the ones who are going to make the big adjustments—they're going to have to turn down their jobs and their money." So, the West's A's performance doesn't sink if it's there, it's not a time to lay him to rest, it is now.

With Alex from Thomas Jefferson in Vancouver, James Barron in Calgary, Peter Gervin in Winnipeg and Ed Cohen in Halifax.

## Playing hockey with a very large puck



By Ken Becker

As Ken Karna, the football-turned-soccer, used to tell a story on the talk-show circuit: The punch line arrived after a long and graphic description of 300-lb. Karna ripping and tearing at each other's bodies for hours, covering themselves with mud, blood and bruises. On the fourth down, with the game in the balance, a little Hungarian would graze into the field, uniform sparking and shoes chirping, shrieking, "I speak to him, a inchdown." These days, in major arenas in Canada and the U.S., sports fans can watch while teams of Europeans in short pants, running and shrieking: "I'm going to kick a slapshot!"

The North American Soccer League (NASL) has gone year-round by moving indoors, in a massive, final effort to sell their game to the North American sporting crowd. Last year, they tried it with 14 teams, all in the U.S. This year they have gone to 20 teams including for the first time four Canadian franchises: Toronto Rovers, Vancouver Whitecaps, Edmonton Drillers and Calgary Boomers. To this point these new teams have been restricted to playing against each other as a result of disputes between the league and the players' association that has caused foreign players to be barred from the U.S.

The Canadian teams have some ad-

ing entertainment. "But is it soccer?" "I don't know what it is," admits Peter Pocklington, owner of the Edmonton Drillers. "But no guys are each side kicking the ball out of a ball screen to create a lot of excitement."

Some of the excitement has come from the early confusion of the players and coaches. Edmonton coach Keith Eddy, for one, has recruited former hockey player and coach Red Kelly to coach the duties of line-changing and one of the boards. Says Eddy, "You guess that being very skeptical to enjoying it very much. Having the crowd so close is something new for the players, something we appreciate. Playing in an arena can create the same atmosphere as playing in a ball stadium in places like Manchester and Liverpool."

Setting the indoor game as carpet hockey seems to be marking in all the Canadian cities but Vancouver. While Toronto, Edmonton and Calgary are getting small but respectable crowds, averaging about 6,000 apiece so far, the Whitecaps have attracted just over 2,000 fans to each of their first two home games in the 15,000-seat Pacific Coliseum. Part of the reason, says one team official, is the early season of the National Hockey League. Canada "This is the time of year when people think about hockey," Gord Goring, public relations and creative services manager of the Whitecaps, said, "and we haven't yet been able to break that pattern." To draw an interest, the Whitecaps have scheduled a series of promotions—a half-time Christmas party, a post-game "look book"—and have cut ticket prices from a \$5 top price to \$5 a seat (Toronto has a \$30 top ticket).

None of the real teams expect to make money from the indoor season. Not surprising, since some made money from the outdoor season either. They see it, however, as part of a bigger gamble. "I think it's a great experiment," says Pocklington. "Sure, losing on the field. But who's making money in sports in Canada? The NFL, but money last year, you don't see the CFL making money, do you? Right now, there are 15,000 kids in organized soccer in Edmonton. There are our fans, our future. It will come."

Late last week, the NASL players' association and the league reached a tentative contract agreement. When ratified, Canadian teams will at last be able to play in U.S. cities. But this agreement initially could work against the Canadians, most of whom hoped the 18-game schedule forced on them—with each Canadian team playing the three others six times—would ensure revenues and a steady bank to play with.

"What we're doing is strip away the padding, take up the ice and give them a bloody great puck to play with," says Steve Ryan, Edmonton president. "For me, as a soccer conservative, a soccer purist, if you will, I find it an immensely excit-

Shaw and Driller indoors: "We go on each side kicking ball out of a ball"

## For the record



SHADOWS AND LIGHTS  
Jon Mitchell  
(Capitol/WEA)

Coming after the low disappointment of her two previous jazz albums, *Hygro* and *Mingus*, Jon Mitchell's new double-disc record, *Shadows and Lights*, arrives as a surprising vindication of her two-year project. Having departed from her folk persona after the huge success of *Court and Spark*, Mitchell re-created her music in the mid-'70s. She broadened her sound to the jazz studio idiom but changed her space for evocation and more off-sounding string, odd and dissonant. On this album she opens up the songs to two top talents, Mike Brecker (sax) and Pat Metheny (guitar), and a flying rhythm section of Jack Passano and Don Kyles. At first one admires the life of the players but then one realizes just how beautiful the music Mitchell has been writing really is and how well her lyrics and her voice suit the jazz idiom. Few women have been able to escape the criticism of being either a folkie who can't sing tough rock or a folkie who can't sing tough rock. With *Shadows and Lights*, she has moved so high above the whole problem as Jon Mitchell. —BART THOMAS

### BACHMANINOVFF: THE STUPHUNERS

Conducted by Edouard de Waart  
(Polygram/Polygram, four discs)

Bachmannovff's symphonies, with their characteristic flavor mix of exuberance and melancholy, are still in need of advocates. Few have, though, and performers should we ever discover De Waart releases the moments of brooding power, but he's equally adept at conveying Bachmannovff's soaring effects. Best of all, he's capable of driving the last movements into such a swirling frenzy that you find yourself up on your toes to cheer his excellent Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra over the finishing line.

—JOHN PERRY

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### HEALTH

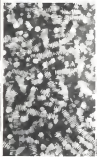
## Back to eggs and butter

As early as the turn of the century, cholesterol was suspected to be a prime cause of heart disease. But the cholesterol molecule may have been unjustly maligned—at least in part. It's too early yet to throw away the salt, salt powder and sausage, but a study published last month reveals that high levels of one form of cholesterol may actually lower the risk of heart disease.

In the study, headed by Dr. Robert Levy of the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute in Bethesda, Md., 5,000 volunteers at nine American clinics and 2,000 more in Toronto and Hamilton were questioned about their lifestyle and had blood samples taken. While most of the body's cholesterol exists in the form of four lipoproteins—combinations of cholesterol and different proteins that circulate in the blood and carry fatty acids to cells—the researchers were looking specifically at the incidence of one particular type: high-density lipoprotein cholesterol (HDL-C), which has been associated with a decreased risk of heart disease.

The results revealed that women had 15 per cent more HDL-C than men, that

High-density lipoprotein particles: reducing the risks of heart disease



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## ADVERTISING

### A new species of presidential campaign

*Executives on camera may not be pretty, but they're real*

By Mark Witten

Corporate image-making has been dominated in recent years by the promotional antics of major sports and show business celebrities on the television screen. But that Madison Avenue cliché has begun to lose its sheen and a new breed of actor is replacing the celebrity spokesman as the adman's dream: Chrysler's Lee Iacocca, Eastern Airlines' Francis Borman and Laker Airways' Freddie Laker are among the many chief executives of large corporations whose faces are familiar to today's TV audiences. It used to be that the only kinds of companies appearing on TV were local automobile and carpet dealers, whose tacky and glaring performances are usually memorable for nothing viewers who come off during late-night reruns. But when large corporations get into the act, the program has an altogether new cachet. What has become an established trend in the U.S. is beginning to take hold in Canada.

The man in the vanguard of the Canadian ad revolution is David Nichol,

president of Loblaws Ltd., who not only filed what his American counterparts were doing but has chosen to push the concept a few steps beyond their sometimes reluctant or halfhearted efforts. The task is one he pursues with an uncommon zeal, tinged with a moral fervor. Tall, slightly pudgy and boyish looking, the man has an unattractively wholesome appeal. He admits that his biggest face are middle-aged housewives and little old ladies. Nichol is now so familiar to Ontario shoppers that he no longer needs to be identified on the screen. Well-dressed and authoritative, he speaks to consumers with a straightforward, no-nonsense pitch. "At Loblaws, we don't just talk about lowering your family's food bill, we're doing something about it." The basic message, always, is that he is doing good for the consumer. "We live in an age of disbelief," contends the off-air Nichol, whose steadily increasing number of television appearances over the past three years has turned into nothing less than a corporate crusade against inflated prices and exaggerated claims. The on-air test and apparent screen-

ery displayed by Nichol is shared by the other Canadian executives who have tested the pitchman game. Auto man Bill Pickett, president of American Motors (Canada) Ltd., first began making the tapes of his 60-second radio spots available to 3,500 dealers in 1972, when the company's buyer protection plan was introduced. Pickett has continued to make two commercials at periodic intervals ever since. George Cohen, president of McDonald's Restaurants of Canada Ltd., recently appeared in TV and radio ads to raise money for Terry Fox, but his first television commercial for McDonald's was aired last year when Cohen announced hamburger prices would be dropping by a nickel. "It was something I wanted to communicate to as many people as possible, in as short a time as possible," he says. Among others who have graced the screen lately is Lilywyla Smith, the young marketing manager of R.D. Smith & Son Ltd. and great-grandson of the company's founder. Bob Woolley, president of Jaraman Shoes, has been selling footwear to sports fans during NHL and NFL games for the past several seasons. But the newest entry in Canada's executive celebrity marketplace is David Clark, the young and vigorous Thomas J. Lipton Ltd. president, brought to the screen last month to slay the competition. As Clark says in the commercial, he really does prefer Lipton waga to Campbell's.

Credibility is clearly the cornerstone of the strategy that is prompting these executives to become company spokesmen. David Nichol took over as

Nichol (left): Clark: credibility is the cornerstone of a strategy that is prompting presidents to become spokesmen



## Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

## The Chairman of the Board tells 'The Chairman of the Board' why it's time for Imperial.

Lee Inessa talks to Fred Shuster about the future of his agency in America.

On the left: Fred Shuster, chairman of the Board of the Chairman of the Board, and Lee Inessa, chairman of the Board of the Chairman of the Board. On the right: Fred Shuster, chairman of the Board of the Chairman of the Board, and Lee Inessa, chairman of the Board of the Chairman of the Board.



Shuster and Inessa are sitting at a table. Shuster is on the left, wearing a suit and tie, and Inessa is on the right, wearing a dark jacket. They are both looking towards the camera.

Shuster and Inessa are sitting at a table. Shuster is on the left, wearing a suit and tie, and Inessa is on the right, wearing a dark jacket. They are both looking towards the camera.



Shuster and Inessa are sitting at a table. Shuster is on the left, wearing a suit and tie, and Inessa is on the right, wearing a dark jacket. They are both looking towards the camera.

**Chrysler ad: Coho consumers want to see the guy whose job it is on the line**

on-air Loblaw spokesman from actor William Shuster. "People like Bill Shuster, he's popular, attractive. Unfortunately, he doesn't shop in Canada," says Nichol. "People may enjoy him, but they don't believe what he is saying." This credibility gap is what this new ad is advertising in all about home, wherever the message, the celebrity promo not only lacks but needs credibility. "I don't think bringing in some movie star works," adds Nichol. "It's great entertainment but doesn't sell. The consumer wants to see the guy whose job it is on the line. I can't afford to be to the consumer. I can destroy Loblaw and myself."

Supporting Nichol's credo are recent consumer tests which show that real ads work better than glossy ads, a notion that is nothing short of heresy in the ad world. Last spring William Ritz Cater, the New York City ad agency for Interbank (MasterCard's licensing company), tested two commercials using a professional actor and Interbank President Russell Hagg respectively. People readily accepted at shopping centres preferred Hagg over the better-looking actor just as Loblaw consumer panels found Nichol more believable than Shuster. Yet Nichol says when his first commercial for the company was aired in the fall of 1977, it ran against some heavy resistance from his associates and advertising agency, Vickers & Benson Ltd., who were less than enthusiastic about his plan to replace the Shuster line. "When I suggested I do the commercials, I think they were in cardiac arrest," he recalls. However, Vickers & Benson Chairman Bill Bremner suggests that Nichol may be "groundstanding" when he takes credit for the ads. "We were the ones who put him in front of the camera's lens," Bremner, recalling a day in Niagara-on-the-Lake,



Oct. 1977 when the agency presented the Loblaw's president to step into the public eye.

The problem facing Loblaw at the time was a lingering high-price image. For a few months, Vickers & Benson handled the Nichol spots. But, almost remarkably, the ads had to be rearranged when he arrived and the shoot took up as afternoon of the president's time. So, Nichol decided to do the television spots on his own and hire his own television communications director. "The first year we did this we saved more than half a million dollars in production costs by doing our own commercials," he explains. "What you get from people at ad agencies is puffery. Our commercials have a home-made look. We do no-frills commercials. I think they suit the economic environment." But Bremner of Vickers & Benson sees limitations when the president handles his own advertising. "At that point, the threat of David's advertising is concentrated on one-time lines and he's done a

good job," Bremner says. "I'm not sure when he moves into a more operational area where he might have 1,000 products to worry about that he could survive without an agency. I would defy him to write the kind of commercials that we've done."

The success of the Nichol ads can be seen in the stunning success of Loblaw's no-frills (generic) products and no-frills stores. Loblaw Companies Ltd. of Toronto, the parent of the Ontario supermarket chain Loblaw Ltd., reported profits of \$22.8 million after the 1980 third quarter, compared with \$14.2 million a year earlier. Company shares also reached a five-year high on the Toronto Stock Exchange last month.

Another company hoping for stellar success is Chrysler Corporation, which is desperately in need of consumer confidence. Chairman Lee Inessa is the classic example of the executive so reluctant performer and his stiffness sometimes shows it. Inessa is said to dislike doing the commercials and complains that they take up too much of his time. Yet his agency, Kenyon & Eckhardt Ltd. of New York, remains convinced by his successful plumage to Washington for all that Inessa is the only one who can be the salesman's product to the public (although recently that revered automotive analyst Patrick Smitra has been leading a hand).

While Loblaw's Nichol is well aware that others are following his lead, he thinks the majority are selling him to the masses or to a few fans on the air. "I don't have to worry about most Canadian companies feeling out their chief executives on radio and TV. Their ad agencies won't allow them to. It's all against the nature of Canadian businessmen. They're too conservative, too timid and terrified of the consumer to do it."

For David Nichol, probing no-name products is really more like preaching. Finally, his brother is a Baptist minister, with whom Nichol admits he has much in common. "We're both evangelists. I'm trying to sell Loblaw and make Dominion shoppers see the error of their ways. He's trying to sell eternal life and eat sinners to see the error of their ways. Both of us with limited success." Perhaps the outstanding difference between them, with which Nichol would undoubtedly agree, is that in a secular world the average consumer cares more about saving on his food bill than his soul.

So, strictly speaking, however. Asked about the effect on Loblaw's credibility of having been convicted three times since 1975 of selling groceries at prices higher than advertised, Nichol replies: "The consumer doesn't expect us to be perfect." Yes, executive groans are still paid, but a new wrinkle in an old game.

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## SCIENCE Getting right down to the indivisible

By Mark Carmichael

In a salt mine 680 metres below the Ohio shores of Lake Erie, a remarkable tale is unfolding as a physicist battles that eternally held more than 16,000 tons of water. No human toes will ever dabble in this pool, however—it is an elaborate trap designed by physicist Frederick Reines and Maurer Goldhaber to capture the elusive remnants of disintegrated protons. Whether or not the process—a component in the nuclei of all atoms—does naturally "leaky" minuscule particles is a major issue in current theories about what constitutes the most basic form of matter in the universe and why matter exists at all. Excitement among particle physicists about the experiment and others like it in Utah, France and India which says Nobel Prize-winner Sheldon Glashow. "Five or 10 years ago this was a chaotic discipline—now we have a solid theoretical framework to build on." In fact, some physicists are convinced that they now know the answers to the origins of the universe, at a recent conference one commented that, since the whole study of physics is ostensibly overdone, he's now searching for a new line of work.

At one time, scientists thought the

Glashow: the infinitely small and large



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atom was the basic building block of the universe, but then it was split into various parts according to the familiar "planetary" model that pictured electrons whirling in fixed orbits around clusters of protons and neutrons in the nucleus. Now that hundreds of even smaller "subatomic" particles have been found, the confusion is that protons and neutrons are themselves made of "quarks," the current favorites in the title of indivisible substance. Nobody has ever seen a proton, much less a quark, but particle physicists routinely work with invisible objects that have no mass and whose existence is inferred from mathematical equations long before instruments sensitive enough to detect them have been built.

Underground swimming pools may seem bizarre, too—the logic here is that the earth's crust will block undesirable particles such as cosmic rays—but equally as quirky to the layman are those other indispensable tools, accelerators or atom smashers. These circular race tracks, ranging up to six kilometres in diameter, are lined with electromagnets that accelerate protons or electrons to speeds just infinitesimally lower than the speed of light (300 million metres/second) before smashing them into targets to produce the particles under study. Canada does not possess one of these charged circles, but a task force reporting to the ministry of science and technology has recommended that a \$60-million accelerator called the Canadian High Energy Physics Ring (CHERP) be tucked onto the existing Fermilab complex near Chicago. University of Toronto particle physicist Nathan Iqbal says the experiment will probe the proton's strands to see whether the electric new laws he had as breakthroughs apply at the extremely high energies generated by the accelerators as well as under normal conditions.

Physicists have always been fascinated by the possibility that one theory could explain and predict all observable phenomena. Einstein once summed up this hope with the statement, "God does not play dice with the universe." Glasser is today's high priest of what have been termed "grand unifications" (GUTs) (appropriately acronymized as GUTs) and has contributed significantly to the theory that all the forces operating between particles in the universe are actually one force. At present, physics recognizes four fundamental forces: the electromagnetic or attractive force between electrons and the nucleus, the "weak" force responsible for certain kinds of radioactivity, the "strong" force that binds together the different kinds of quarks to form neutrons and protons, and gravity. In addition to testing the hypothesis that quarks are indi-



Upper (top left): Watson (top right), and Fermilab complex close to confirming what constitutes the most basic laws of matter in the universe and why it exists

visible, GUTs and the proton decay experiments will examine a new theory that a "hybrid" force might incorporate and supersede the electromagnetic, weak and strong forces. This force would also explain how matter can change to antimatter and vice versa.

It is around this issue that particle physicists disagree in the infinitely small, only close the circle by involving the infinitely large. Over the past decade it has become increasingly clear that inquiries into the indivisibility of matter and the origins of the universe are mutually complementary. One of the major questions facing cosmologists is how to explain the existence of matter. All atomic reactions that create matter, whether to atom bombs, the sun or the incredibly hot and dense "soup" that was the universe in its first few minutes, also create antimatter. Despite its self-destructive nature is a respectable scientific concept, when an electron is produced in a static reaction, for example, its antimatter equivalent, the positron, is also created. If the two collide, their masses are destroyed and pure energy results.

The problem is that while the world

should have equal amounts of both, matter predominates. Says Carlson University Professor Peter Watson: "It's as if somewhere at the beginning of time a switch was not creating matter, not antimatter. Nothing told the universe to do so but it did." According to the grand unification theory predicting proton decay, the hybrid force accounts for the transformation of matter into antimatter, and it is then assumed the reverse is also possible. This would explain the mechanism of the "switch," though why it was set that way would remain a mystery. Watson is more restrained than many physicists in his enthusiasm for GUTs. "I think the feeling that we're at the end of the road is greatly exaggerated—I'd just say there's a light at the end of the tunnel." Nathan Iqbal, however, professes to be "one of the great optimists" who believe GUTs will be vindicated in the proton decay experiments and may eventually incorporate gravity, a force so weak that no man-made machine could generate it. "Gravity's a problem," admits Iqbal. "Maybe we will leave something for children to work on after all." ☐



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# A tempestuous tug of war in Toyland

*This Christmas, traditional toys are making gains in their battle against silicon chips*

By Ann Wainman

**T**he nine-year-old boy was playing loudly at the Eaton's sim-train-toy counter. He expertly tossed an inning on a hand-held baseball game by Batton and looked around for something else to do. "I've got one of these at home," he mused, "but it broke after about three months. Really, I like toy soldiers better because they last longer... and they're funner to play with."

The toy soldiers may be winning the battle if not the war, since it seems that slowly the blunk is off the rose for the first generation of electronic toys. Television "Pong" games and hand-held computer games are suffering setbacks this year against a flourishing traditional toy market. This fall, the Hong Kong toy industry—the world's largest



Traditional toys (above) and computer toys (below left) at Mr. Gameways' Wheeler. The blunk is off the rose for the first generation of computer toys



toy exporter—announced that its exports of non-power and television games to the U.S. had fallen by an average 40 per cent compared to last year, while at the same time sales of traditional toys such as plastic dolls had jumped by 30 per cent. Though the age of electronic entertainment may not really have passed its flowering, it has shown signs of retreating.

As early as November, sales managers at stores of The Bay and Simpsons observed that their electronic toy sales were indeed sluggish compared to last year. At Batteries Incubated, a small Toronto retail store specializing in electronics, owner Alvin Wolfchild grimly eyed his stock of hand-held games and commented, "It's turned out to be a fairly year's affairs, mainly because this season's offerings are not that much more inventive. For example, Mattel's Canada came up with Hockey 2 instead of Hockey 1, Football 2 instead of Foot-

ball 1." Except for the Galois Canada game that introduced a blind-to-blind two-player series, the newcomers are largely cosmetic—flashing lights, realistic sound effects and varied skill levels. Nervous retailers have engaged in a price war in an attempt to liquidate the inventory, but still the average price is \$35 to \$45.

It comes as no surprise to Glenn Carey, Mattel Canada's marketing services manager, that the games would not be as popular as last year. "This year what you're seeing is a slight softening of the market—a stabilization. The lid is no longer a lid. If you expect that to happen the second year, you're not being very wise."

The reason interest in traditional toys has diminished because all across the country. In Vancouver, John Losky of Windmill Toys estimates sales will be up by 25 per cent over 1979 at the end of this year. Among the bread-and-butter



items are "very large, plush, four-footed animals such as elephants." In Montreal, Wainman's toy store Victoria's, which specializes in traditional and educational toys, is doing so well it will be expanding after the Christmas season. According to co-owner Pierre Nadeau, the fastest-moving items are the moon, house, wooden cars and trucks, and particularly stuffed animals representing the French stayloft characters Babar and Clelia. In the Maritime, cottage craftsmen are taking more orders than they can fill from retailers across the country for hand-made toys. Even in the high-cost, Yorkville area of Toronto, Nadine Nowlan finds it profitable to sell only hand-crafted dolls and miniatures in her boutique, The Apple Doll.

The market has been strong enough to support a small enclave of traditional toy stores for canny Toronto businesswoman Suzanne Wheeler. In the past

year-and-a-half, she has opened four successful toy stores and The Only Children's Department Store. Her shops are highly specialized. Rose Necessities deals exclusively in stuffed bears and animal accessories, while The Magdalen Doll carries only traditional dolls and accessories. Wheeler's philosophy reflects the views of many toy dealers: "Any toy that doesn't allow the child room for imagination is wasted. Anything that talks, for example, doesn't allow them to put words in its mouth. In later years, in my experience, you see that it has helped them to problem-solve and use alternatives to problem, rather than simply see things in black and white."

Traditional toy dealers deny that they are directly competing with the electronic products in crisis of the Christmas season. Nancy Ross, owner of The Creative Child in downtown Toronto, says competitors have spent up the toy market by attracting two-agers and adults. "I don't think the dollar spent on the electronic toy is taken away from the traditional toy," she says. (And it's estimated that more than half a billion dollars will be spent on toys this year in Canada.)

Nevertheless, the traditional toy market has used its unbridled licence to TV advertising with great success this year. At the top of the list are the popular Strawberry Shortcake dolls—five-inch-high plastic dolls that smelt like their namesake, the Mischief Makers—a soft toy for preschoolers, and the Kenner line of Star Wars plastic figures and accessories, ranging from a remote-control Yoda for \$3.95 to a Jawa Sand Crawler for \$15. Even without advertising, at Mr. Gameways' Ark in Toronto, the largest single-outlet toy store in Canada, the demand for basic dolls has been unprecedented.

In contrast, the electronic toys seem dependent on advertising. Phil Harrison, vice-president of sales for Galois Canada, says his company may spend \$5 million advertising electronic toys this year, and Eaton's is already playing ads extravagantly on television. Yet the effort seems to be wasted on some children. Says Danielle Bouché, 8: "If I feel to choose a game where you'd have to press buttons, I'd want Battons, but I'd still want a Sweeney Fare doll more because you can put makeup on her. I saw her on TV."

Among the industry pundits, it's generally agreed that whatever happens to toys south of the border happens in Canada a year later. If Hong Kong is heaving in its figures and the current economic recession worsens as predicted, by all indications Canada may be in for an avalanche of dolls, teddy bears and toy soldiers and a fading interest in matching with a silicon chip. ☐

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# Tales to keep the nightlights burning

*A bountiful crop of reading for children, brimming with visions to dance in their heads*

By Ann Johnston

**H**aving once again agreed that a child does not dream too often, children's publishers threw caution to the winds this year, scraped deep to their pocket listings and came up with a crop of hard-core gems. Brimming with glossy golds, blues and greens (as Alice asked, "What is the use of a book without pictures?"), spanning tales of outrageous cats and puppets with souls, there is enough to keep any kid, zzzzzzzz lulled in the armchair, dreaming happily ever after.

## HAG HEAD

by Susan Magrave and Carol Evans  
(Clarke, Irwin, \$9.95)

There was a time when the only thing a kid with a yellowface needed to fear on Halloween was the odd vampire in the bushes or witch on a broomstick. Then, with a perverse twist, the witch was the lady next door, cranning pincers into taffy apples, leaving candy with poison. Now, in *Hag Head*, Susan Magrave, poet-as-high-princess-of-the-gravestone, sets to change all that, giving kids a dose of the good old-fashioned willies.

Her witch in Hag Head, venturing from her earthy nest down with her ladders. Scare and Fleece and a legion of lesser monsters, looking for children to steal. Coating her creepy crew with a potion of roach spritz and new thinking to make them invisible, she sets her sights on a group of children wobbling from home on tick heels, digging home-made woods and tales. Only this cat, having seen faces "green and waxed, with little beady eyes" at the window, suspects what's in store. Long whispering at her, vapours suggest at cloches, a Tree Spirit reaching out with fingers like blanchard roots. Mischief turns marauder as Hag Head, choosing little Gretel as her prey, turns road-sweeper into the frightened children's mother, come to guide them home.

Magrave has concocted a potent fairy tale, laced it with riddles, doused it with demons, whipped it into a frenzy—and topped it with a triumph for the children. Carol Evans' watercolours, murky, mysterious, Bauhaus-like creatures crawling from tree trunks, gaunt-like ghosts. Trust, this isn't Caper, the Friendly Ghost, but even small spiders deserve a tale.



The cat and the witch: falling head over wooden heels, in love with her



Cat and the witch: why, valiant tale



Hag Head's ladders on a child's heels: even small spiders deserve a tale

## ANNA'S PET

by Margaret Atwood and Joyce Kilmer  
(Clarke, Irwin, \$6.95)

This is not one of those lavish creations meant to be taken gingerly from the shelf, with freshly washed hands. *Anna's Pet* is a sturdy, bright book with a tough waterproof cover to be read in the backyard or up in a tree. Rough and funny, the story tells of a city child's evocation in *Building a Pet* on her grandparents' farm. She tries to keep a lead in the tub, a worm under the bed, a snake in the stove. This book doesn't have the emotional depth of *The Pet* but even the limited suspense of *Star Wars* Comix, two other books in the series—and those who buy it for Atwood's name are in for the same disappointment as with her last book's look. Up on a Tree. But Ann Bladen's flat, primitive paintings of the farm are beautifully colored, whimsical images that prompt the story perfectly.

## PETROCHKA

by Elizabeth Cleaver  
(Macmillan of Canada, \$10.95)

Like *Steady Ann*, the doll with a heart, *Petrochka* is a puppet with a soul who falls head over wooden heels for a gypsy ballerina, dies in a bottle to win her and lives on forever in spirit. Illustrate Elizabeth Cleaver, adapting the story from Igor Stravinsky's and Alexandre Benois' ballet, has constructed a beautiful paper theatre with

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ballerina dances centre stage beside the  
distracted Petrovichka, his limbs limp  
with love and his eyes gazing sadly into  
the audience. When the curtain closes,  
he's gazing at the players from above  
the theatre, commanding a triumphant  
ovation. This is an exquisitely pretty  
book, sophisticated in design.

### CLIPPALE

by Gabrielle Roy  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$8.95)

Clippale is a feline miniature of Avery in  
E.B. White's Charlotte's Web: she res-  
cues animals from the farmer's hands.  
When her first family suddenly disap-  
pears, she twigs to their fate and leads  
her second litter far from the farm-  
house. Wild and stubborn, she ignores  
her mistress Berthe's queries, knowing  
that when "it came to killing the two of  
them would never see eye to eye." Tenta-  
tively, Clippale is hiding seven kittens  
under her sunny gutter bush, with  
only the old frozen snowman to feed  
them. When a storm blows up—the kind  
in which "people say they wouldn't put  
a cat outside"—Clippale has no choice  
but to lead the kittens on the incredible  
journey home to Berthe's.

Gabrielle Roy's tale is told in a decep-

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audience is a little more demanding. The quality  
of our magazines makes that possible.





tively simple fashion; after pages of her gentle prose, Cipriani emerges as peipale centre—vulgar, funny and extremely tender. François Olivier's black-and-white drawings are sometimes awkwardly proportioned but his rich, translucent watercolors of the good black cat and her peasant owners are as classic as Chagall's story.

**THE CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY STORY**  
by Margaret Laurence  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$9.95)

**SUN, MOON, STAR**  
by Kurt Vonnegut and Jean Chernayoff  
(Fisher and Whitehead, \$10.95)

With a hushed reverence, Margaret Laurence retells the story of the Nativity, opening the details out in digestible bits for very small mouths. Mary rode a donkey because there were no cars, the frankincense and myrrh were for Jesus' bath water. She even goes so far as explaining that Joseph and Mary didn't mind if their baby was a boy or a girl (a noble gesture, but Mary had already

had a sort of heavenly announcement—the angel had told her she was bearing the son of God). All the spelling out tends to spoil the mystery; an exotic passage on the approach of the wise men is bogged down with "Caravals are interesting beasts. They have kumars on their backs." Laurence's pedantry is rewarded by Helen Louise's simple stained-glass illustrations, glowing stained-glass figures celebrating the birth.

If Laurence's version is too obvious, Kurt Vonnegut's *Sun, Moon, Star* is an over-the-top as can be. Presented with a series of bold, bright shapes by artist Jean Chernayoff, Vonnegut agreed to play a publisher's game and made up a story to fit the images. He takes the point of view of God suddenly on earth as a human infant, lying in the stable, having to see "imperfectly through two human eyes, each a rubbery little creature" (like any other alien on earth, the baby confuses things: a lamp's flame for a supernova, the furnace of Joseph for a moon, Mary for a sun. Though never innocent or ignorant, Vonnegut has kept his humor when Joseph, having stamped out a fire on the stable floor, begs God's forgiveness, Vonnegut points out "He was heard." Like Superman as Clark Kent, the Christ is trapped in a human body, trying to cope with his diminished situation. With huge, bright shapes illustrating the confusion, this is a lyrical, inspired approach to the world's oldest story.

Hedley Caldwell, like Poul, is a classic—but still not enough to sustain a person through that long stretch from childhood to adolescence. Here are two of the best new books to fill the gap.

**FAIR FROM SHORE**  
by Kevin Major  
(Clarke, Irwin, \$9.95)

It's Christmas Eve at the Slide's house. Hans, Chris and Jennifer are crumming the tree, Charlie Fred's Christmas album is playing and Dad has gone to Decker's for cigarettes. Four hours ago New he's home, dead drunk, filling two

**Major: the tough times haven't a day**



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\*Tegrin contains coal tar which, clinically proven to help control severe dandruff.



Who men worship Jesus: myth for bath

the towel ("lights is enough to blind a problems seeing-eye dog"). Jennifer is in tears and Chris is hugging his dad off to bed. "I knew I needed something to live up my night a bit more. Getting 200 pounds to its feet just about does the trick."

For those who like to think that family life is still more or less as it was on *Leave It to Beaver*, *For Free* shows just hard and low. For others, weary of the sentimentalism of juvenile novels, Kevin Major's story is a brave look at how a tough period can harden a boy like a nail. The pressures on the Slide family are like a vice gripping a turquoise. Some (as in Major's last novel, *Hold Fast*) come from the frustrations of life in a small Newfoundland outport—boredom, unemployment, a general yearning to be anywhere but home. But more often they are the pressures of a family that isn't sure it's a very long longer, and the one who founders must be 16-year-old Chris. A risky, wise-cracking kid—when Jennifer scolds, he considers toasting her "a chunk of raw meat to quiet her down"—he is scared by the dissatisfactions around him, and becomes angry and confused. As a counsellor at summer camp, he agrees to take a boy who can't swim on a secret canoe ride, and is as lulled as everyone else when they almost drown.

Brilliantly, Major makes his story in five voices—the four Slides, plus Rev Whannox, the camp director. They pass their story along like a hot potato, contradicting, misunderstanding and forgiving, until you've overheard from the four corners of the house. When they finally come together, it's like the end of any family argument: you're puzzled and drained, and you can't remember whose side you first took. Major has pulled powerfully at swirling chords, making sense of the most confusing battleground there is.

**A PLACE APART**  
by Paula Fox  
(McGraw-Hill, \$11.95)

Victoria dreams she is a queen whose crown is a "crisis of those little brown pearls you can buy at the market in the



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fall." Her only problem is that she is no longer sure of her country: she has married Ed and her father has died. Her mother moves them to a smaller home where she sits at the piano in her husband's sweater, listening old songs and letting her cigarette ashes drip down her front. "You won't live in the attic in bloom if you don't quit hazzarding at yourself with those coffin nails," Victoria tells her, and her mother cries.

In *A Place Apart* Paula Fox tracks a young girl's search past the blind, suffocating passages of grief, through the awkward transition out of childhood, to her own solid ground. Infatuated with Hugh, a haughty nonplussed boy, Victoria is thrown off course, blacklisted by his indifferent bullying. When her friend Elizabeth finds a boy-friend and is transformed, Victoria is the victim of an age-old betrayal. But her sense of order is threatened most when her mother, her partner is so much forthcoming, falls in love and finds her best friend. Their banter, sometimes serious, sometimes light out of Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, turns to silence.

In a quiet, articulate manner, never raising her voice, Fox details Victoria's fits of passion. There are no pregnancies, no rapes, no murders, only one sea-sick girl vomiting down the latrine to adolescence. When Fox lets her reach the end, you finally let your breath out. ◇

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

- 1 *The Covenant, Wershner (1)*
- 2 *The Key to Rebecca, Follett (3)*
- 3 *Predestination, Korman (3)*
- 4 *Edge of Angels, Strindberg (3)*
- 5 *Valies in Time, MacLennan (3)*
- 6 *Between Them and Now, Strindberg (3)*
- 7 *From, Joss (3)*
- 8 *The Quicks of Africa, Strindberg (3)*
- 9 *Unfinished Tales, Tolkien*
- 10 *Foreverland, Baines (3)*

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Map, Green (3)*
- 2 *The Ignorance of Canada, 1822-1933, Baines (3)*
- 3 *The Second German Treasury, Green (3)*
- 4 *The Little American, Baines (3)*
- 5 *Orish Invention, Green*
- 6 *Common, Green (3)*
- 7 *Discipline of Power, Strindberg (3)*
- 8 *Peter the Great, Baines*
- 9 *Lavigne, Baines (3)*
- 10 *How to Save Your Money and Profit from Inflation, revised edition, Strindberg (3)*

(1) Publishers best-seller

## PHOTOGRAPHY



Michael's solid blue: some help to influence



'Shuffled police and old car' by Stevens: odd stillness

# Water, water everywhere but here

The Atlantic Ocean is one photograph body of water, and it is not entirely convention-bound to expect more than a glimpse of it from an exhibition of photographs called Atlantic Parallels. However, this work by 10 photographers living in Canada's Atlantic region is so lacking in maritime imagery that the existence of salt and sea seems subliminal, almost invisible. The effect is an all-or-nothing world where about nothing exists—the artists had curtailed themselves deliberately, gone out of their way to avoid the obvious. Organized by the 30th Photography Division of the National Film Board and installed at Toronto's Canadian Centre of Photography until Dec. 19, when it resumes its tour of Canada, the show suffers for want of any apparent reason. Nor does co-ordinator Martha Langford see the accompanying catalogue to illuminate what aesthetic choices. Why is there nothing from Newfoundland? Why is there nothing by Robert Frank, the American master who lives in Cape Breton and whose pictures taken in Mahou would seem natural selections? Why, in short, everything?

No doubt such a task as Langford's most inevitably be a thankless one, besides, to dwell too much on her contrived devices would be unfair to the talent that is represented. Susan MacLennan's 38 images, black and white, hand-tinted and color, depict houses.

### Old-fashioned sentiment gives way before K Mart dreams of the economically deprived

and yards in solid blue. Using long exposures and holding her camera by hand, she exerts a telekinetic influence over familiar scenes, suggesting storms and shaky foundations. By contrast George Stevens, who has the other lion's share of space, treats old stillness in pictures of streets and stores. Even the glare of a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet is subdued.

While the Mac tracks, Cher-Olds showroom and blue bush that appear in Stevens's photographs might occur anywhere, Peter Barnes' dark, moody pictures taken in Mahou would seem natural selections. Why, in short, everything?

Arthur and Lawrence MacDonald and their parents, Verney and Priscilla live with the K Mart dream of the economically depressed. Priscilla MacDonald in her big fluffy slippers and rarely polymer pants is a touch of the indigenous. Regrettably, there tips a delicate balance toward newness by supplementing her prints with transcripts of conversations. Not that Verney MacDonald's words are not dignified and rhythmic, but Barnes has reproduced them in big block letters that seem to be his idea of how a workingman prints.

Of the rest, nothing really makes waves except for hand-colored prints by Jack Turner, a Prince Edward Islander who has been making pictures since 1908. There is lots of old-fashioned sentiment and perspective—a cow in the middle of The Old Dirt Road—but these yellow and pink skies, dense in air, are gray. Were none of this kind of established spirit in evidence in Atlantic Parallels, one might get a more lively notion of how the photographer is in. Facing down most Turner's is the kind of imagination that could, if it chose to, handle as ocean. —DAVID L. FORD/STYLING

## Paraplegia

# Sit down. And think about it.

### Sit down for five minutes without sitting up

Think what it would be like if you could never get up again. How it would affect your job. Your family. How you would cope. Things to do even under things that you now take for granted. Like going to the washroom. Driving a car. Shopping. Getting that blue sweater at the store.

Spend a few minutes thinking about how your life would be without the use of your legs and you'll understand why the Canadian Paraplegic Association is so concerned about bringing Canada's paraplegics and quadriplegics—people who were once in action and mobile in now use of a paraplegic who wants to think that paraplegics could never happen to them.

### What is the Canadian Paraplegic Association?

A non-profit paraplegic club that has been serving Canadians with spinal cord injuries for 15 years. We're the only organization in Canada that gives us help concerning paraplegics and quadriplegics.

### Who Do We Help

Canadians who have experienced their spinal cords through accidents, sports, or various diseases. Most of them are aged 15 to 40. These formerly active young men and women can live well. But with professional counselling, they can learn to live with their new limbs. As with proper training, they can also obtain productive members of society once again.

### We Help them by Providing:

- Psychological counselling to help paraplegics and their families adjust to their situation
- Career counselling and employment guidance to those who are unable to continue their former careers
- Emergency funds to those who suddenly find themselves in financial straits
- Rental of assistance to help purchase equipment such as wheelchairs
- Assistance in obtaining suitable transportation and housing
- Employment in a number of other ways

### Why Are We Asking For Your Support?

- In 1981, of the 10,000 Canadians with spinal cord injuries, only 100 are employed. It's time to help them.
- Every time they miss a Canadian, they are going to be quadriplegic.
- They are all different people, and are as strong as the strongest.
- Let's help them find a way to live with their new limbs and give them a chance to live a full life.

### Here's How You Can Help

Just mail a cheque or money order to Canadian Paraplegic Association, 530 Sutherland Dr. Toronto, Ont. M6C 1P9. Or your local chapter. All donations are tax deductible. For more information, call 463-2222. Or write to: Canadian Paraplegic Association, 530 Sutherland Dr. Toronto, Ont. M6C 1P9. Or your local chapter.

# Then give.

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## FILMS

# Bringing up the office piggy

NINE TO FIVE

Directed by Colin Higgins

**L**ady Tomlin's Violet Newstead in *Nine to Five*—jungle-red lipstick and matching earrings—is a cracking comic statement. Under Violet's pious face is a contempt for all the bureaucrats but she has had to endure as a secretary for 12 years and brewed the corners of her eyes into a busy plotting revenge. Annie gives the grand tour to Judy Bernly (June Peckol), a new mouse in the neonatal pool at Consolidated, her demeanor is so much dandy you feel she's ready to spit nails. When the office inferior (Elizabeth Wilson) hands her another outrageous memo, Violet replies deadpan, "Thanks but, I know just where to stick it." Violet is the kind of secretary who can eat a ham sandwich, do some plotted calculations and keep half-a-dozen people in a building pattern on the phone all at the same time. But it's a thankless job: you get coffee, buy my wife a scarf, put your desk up 'til noon. Her boss, Hart (Delaney Casanova), keeps taking the credit for her ideas and then passes her over for her long-awaited promotion (she's a widow with a family to support).

When Violet hits full steam, Tomlin's lively anger is the wrath of a revereable woman and your smile becomes a slow ball. Hart's personal secretary, a southern named Doralee (Dolly Parton), has the roof upon hearing that Hart has been bragging about their fictional "office." She lets him know about the gas in her purse. "I'm gonna change you from a resistor to a hero in one shot."

Judy, a recent divorcee and a greenhorn in the working world, joins them in their ire when another girl gets fired—they become sisters under the former smiles. The impact who has ever been left speechless with rage over the Chinese war torture of pettiness and insecurity in an office, *Nine to Five* is a dream of real-life come true. When the Chinese woman gets stirred in, Maureen (Wendy Fawcett) about getting even with the incoherent Hart, you're with them to the point of applause.

*Nine to Five* is deliciously complicated and deftly spun out. The writing, by Patricia Resnick and Colin Higgins, has the flexibility of a good farce and the sibling serious undertone of a classic one. It's a return to the buoyant and archetypal comedies of Howard Hawks and Preston Sturges,



Peckol, Tomlin, Parton with *Colossus* the Chinese with bottles of Heineken

with tongue-fork firing and wreathed in a garland of grace notes. It has been a long time since a movie's most exciting element was the stitching of its plot, the precision of a character who can make you turn blue with rage. Hart is a purveyor of male chauvinism, bald-faced bigotry, slow thinking and embitterment to boot: the movie could have been easily titled *Bringing Up Piggy*.

That's why the women's mouth-watering features of revenge (big-game hunting, cowboy bandage and a reversal of the Snow White story) have such a kick to them. The morning after those room dresses, Violet mistakenly puts on poison in Hart's coffee instead of Stacey "N" Burt and he's marked to hospital, the three of them, through a mix-up, assume that he is dead. Violet admits the wrong stuff, bundling it through the hospital corridors and into

the trunk of her car. The plot thickens. Hart finds out about the shorted plot and threatens them with jail. They kidnap him and hold him hostage in his own house, and the god of movie-making uses it to that he gets his comeuppance.

In this wacky witches' brew of comedy, the three actresses work wonderfully well together: they're three fiery forces. Tomlin is peevish and Parton, who may be more of a presence than an actress, is nonetheless witty and delightfully natural. Peckol, adds the least showy role and serves them out of character. It may be Tomlin's movie, but these three have obviously spent a great deal of time together in the ladies' room. *Nine to Five* is as busy and as howlingly efficient as Bernstein's switchboard. It's for all those who know so well what it is to really stress and especially for those who, when told to "take a letter," want to answer back, "Take a flying leap."

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



# The child is father of the man

Longhead's politics of resentment remain badly understood

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**he Owl's Nest, in the Calgary Inn, is the bar that has for more than a decade epitomized the mood of the new Alberta. There are more sumptuous hotels in town now, but the Owl's Nest is the place where the more ebullient and confident hang out. You can feel the Alberta-ness of the place when you walk in. It is also the place where, on a recent night, a visitor from out of town playfully passed a new acquaintance an offered word of warning: "be long" and the Alberta man, reacting in rage, grabbed the visitor's offending arm in a steel grip and warned that outsiders (consequently from Central Canada) had been patronizing for too long and that if he were not careful he would have his office visiting features rearranged. An old way of saying goodbye is suddenly a political statement in Alberta, the rage—and the paranoia—is barely beneath the surface.

If our old friends from Montreal and Toronto in the Liberal cabinet could understand a fraction of why that is so, we would not be in this national tangle at the moment. We are all part of our backwardness—the established chap in the bar as much as the rest of us—and Alberta, all the way up to the top, asserts resentments that reach very deep. The ruling class in Ottawa is remarkably insensitive. In 1928, a 110-year-old broke into a 26-room house in Calgary. The mansion, known as Beaulieu, was up for public auction the next day after being seized for tax arrears. The boy was Peter Longhead, and the reason he broke into the house was that it had been owned by his grandfather, the godfather, man in Alberta, and it was a symbol of the family fortune and reputation that had been destroyed.

The house—filled with oak and brass and eight Belgian wax figures—had once entertained British royalty and now was being stripped by Peter Longhead, from his secret hiding place. *Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.*

now the entire library—volumes bound in leather—on for 1928. Peter Longhead has a long memory—and few forgiving—in this day. Anyone of an, one suspects, would be the same. Those from Quebec have centuries of grievances. Those from Alberta have similar feelings that run back only decades. The bitterness can be equated. Albas Blustak once wrote a book about Longhead and it's amazing how little attention has been paid to it. If you want to understand the man—and Alberta—you have



to understand the background. Longhead's grandfather graduated from Osgoode Hall and arrived with a Toronto law firm. When he saw the potential of making a fortune in the West with the building of St. John A. MacDonald's transcontinental railway, he persuaded his William Van Home to make him OPA solicitor in Calgary. His knowledge of CPR plans allowed Jimmy Longhead to make yuckish land purchases. His buildings eventually dominated the Calgary skyline. For several years after 1914, Longhead was assessed half the taxes in the city of Calgary. When he was made Senator Longhead, he was the youngest member of the Senate at 35. There is something eerie in his maiden speech, when he intimated that Calgary could in time replace Ottawa as the capital and went on to state that the province's resources "when developed, I am satisfied, will eventually make [Alberta] the dominant portion of the Dominion." That was, dear friends, in 1908, in the last appear-

ance to the Senate St. John A. would make.

Grandfather's hot parson was R.B. Bennett, later prime minister. Grandfather because, in 1916, Sir James Alexander Longhead, the first and only Alberta ever knighted. When he died, he left a fortune to Lady Longhead and her. The Depression, as it scarred Western Canada more than Ottawa has yet realized, ruined the family. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., which held most of the mortgages on the

Longhead properties, made Royal Trust (recently in Eastern Establishment news of its own) the trustee and put Peter Longhead's father, Edgar, on a "salary." Edgar, complaining bitterly about how his family was "brought to its knees by ruthless moneylenders from the East," turned into a drinker. Peter Longhead's mother, Edna, suffered a serious breakdown and had to take psychiatric treatment. The magnificent Beaulieu ended up as a residence for the Waco and in new Red Cross headquarters in Calgary.

Peter Longhead, the man in the news, refused to talk about his childhood. His insistence on setting up competitive games from the two-age nickname of "The Demander" and Harold Hillman, a schoolmate and later of heavy, says, "All of his [Longhead's] whether cowboy and Indian, table tennis or football, were set up as win-or-lose situations."

Political scientist Larry Pratt, in *The Tar Sands*, wrote: "What Peter Longhead articulated so well are the politics of resentment, the frustrated aspiration of a second-tier elite for so long dismissed as second-class, as yuckish with damp on their boots, by the smug, ruling Anglo-French establishment of Ontario and Quebec."

Marcel LeGarde, the first time he travelled from Montreal to Ottawa by train as MP, found that the senators couldn't speak to him in his own language. He set out to set that right. It's too bad the energy minister of Canada can't understand other, better minorities.



## Calgary's Coming



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